THE ENTITY

by

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REVISED DRAFT

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OVER BLACK SCREEN SUPERIMPOSE:

"The story you are about to see is based upon a real life investigation in Los Angeles, California. It is considered by psychic researchers throughout the world to be one of the most unique documented cases of the supernatural ever recorded."

THE ENTITY

FADE IN:

01 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

An office building, large, modern, impersonal, on a busy street in Santa Monica.

02 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

CAMERA MOVES into the large, glass double-doors of the firm of SMITH, HENRY & LEVINE, Certified Public Accountants. As CAMERA nears the doors, an occasional client is seen to enter or leave, also revealing CARLA MORAN sitting in a bleak pool of light behind a receptionist's desk, answering the phone and making the necessary connections. Carla seems nervous and distraught as she consults her wrist watch and casts anxious glances through the glass doors. At last Carla'a face reflects a look of relief as a young girl enters breathlessly and quickly exchanges places at the receptionist's desk. Carla, who has risen, snatches up her purse, and ignoring the girl's "Gee, Carla, I'm so sorry I'm late, but..." apologies, hurries past her and out of the office.

03 EXT./INT. OLD BUICK - DAY - MOVING

As Carla drives down a busy street, she munches on an apple, which is probably her dinner.

04 EXT. EL SEGUNDO HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The building is dark save for a string of lighted classrooms on the second floor.

05 INT. HALLWAY AND CORRIDOR OF ADULT EDUCATION DEPARTMENT - DAY

Carla hurries up the staircase breathlessly and walks swiftly down the long corridor toward a classroom. A sign identifies this section as: ADULT EDUCATION floor. CAMERA MOVES with Carla as she approaches the door of the classroom. We HEAR the CLATTER of many TYPEWRITERS.

1 thru 3 OMITTED

4 INT. TYPING CLASS - DAY 4

Carla opens the door and silently moves along the periphery of the room to her desk and chair, as MR. REISZ, a thin, balding man, strolls up an aisle, stopwatch in hand. Carls quickly uncovers her typewriter, threads a sheet of paper into it, turns to the evening's lesson, which is projected on a large screen, and joins the others, typing rapidly and with confidence. At length, Mr. Reisz CLICKS his STOPWATCH, and calls:

MR. REISZ
And...stop!

The clatter of typewriters ceases. Mr. Reisz looks around.

MR. REISZ
Twenty-five words -- anyone?

Several hands are raised. Mr. Reisz walks over to the one nearest him, Carla. He leans over to examine her paper.

MR. REISZ
Very good, Carla. Watch the numbers. It's a long reach.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

There is something unmistakably sensual in the softness of Carla's face, the deep black eyes, a feeling of vulnerability. Even the brittle Mr. Reisz seems to soften in its influence.

MR. REISZ
(demonstrating)
Practice this. Cross over.
Reach and cross over --

As Carla practices, Mr. Reisz hovers over her, his concentration equally divided between Carla and her technique. Carla is earnestly absorbed at the keyboard pattern, determined, intelligent, and is unaware of the effect she has on Mr. Reisz, who gives her shoulder a slight squeeze of approbation.

MR. REISZ
Good, good --

5 EXT. WELLMAN SCHOOL - NIGHT

Women are stepping through the large doors into the misty night. Most are greeted by men, but not Carla. As the babble of voices dissipates, Carla steps down from the building, briefcase under arm, and catches up to HARRIET, a classmate.

CARLA
Mind my walking to the parking lot with you?

JOE, Harriet's boyfriend, approaches, and takes her arm.

HARRIET
Joe, this is Carla Moran.
Jerry Anderson's friend.

JOE
Hi.

CARLA
Hi.

6 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They arrive at Carla's old Buick. She unlocks the door and climbs in, while Harriet and Joe wait.

7 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carla buckles her safety belt.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

Harriet appears at the window.

HARRIET
You be all right now?

CARLA
Yeah, thanks.

HARRIET
Anytime. Good night.

Carla watches Harriet and Joe walk off, arm in arm. Apprehensively, she locks the car door, turns on the ignition, and drives off.

8 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Carla's Buick traverses an unmistakably Los Angeles skyline: the tall palm trees, the neon avenues, the flash and tawdry glitter of the intersections.

9 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carla drives, somewhat tensely, absorbed in the worries of her life, when she gradually feels a premonition that she is not alone in the car, She casts a glance over her shoulder, sees nothing, and turns back again.

10 EXT. KENTNER STREET - NIGHT

A middle-class street, a cul-de-sac in West Los Angeles. A lone street light sheds an unnatural blue glow over the small tract houses. The street is deserted, silent. CAMERA WENDS its way slowly toward a house situated at the dead end, a small, single-story dwelling with garage attached. A faint light filters through the drawn shades of the living room, and the garage is sharply alight. The sound of a RADIO PLAYING country MUSIC softly insinuates itself. The BUICK SQUEALS its way up the street and comes to a stop in front of the house, and Carla steps out.

11 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Carla walks up the path to her house.

12 and 13 OMITTED

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The MUSIC is LOUDER now.

14 CONTINUED:

Carla opens the front door and enters. She tosses her briefcase onto a chair and pauses a moment to collect herself. The room and furniture, while not tawdry, are expressive of a hard life and struggle. Carla sighs, picks up the mail from a table, mainly bills and brochures and, perusing it casually, walks into the:

15 INT. KITCHEN

The MUSIC is LOUDER now. Carla opens the refrigerator, surveys a nearly barren interior: half-loaf of bread, open container of milk, solitary egg. She closes the fridge and opens the door to the:

16 GARAGE

BILLY, her son, works on a hoisted engine under a glaring work light. Black with grease, he hums along with the MUSIC. Billy is fifteen, and big, powerfully built. He doesn't see Carla who stands in the doorway, a fleeting smile crossing her face.

CARLA
Hi.

Billy looks up through the glare of the work light, squinting.

BILLY
Oh, hi, Mom.

CARLA
Anybody call?

BILLY
(somewhat surly)
Your boyfriend didn't call.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

CARLA
You sure?

BILLY
(tersely)
If he called, I'd tell you.
The phone didn't ring.

CARLA
How would you hear it if it did? Lower that radio.

Carla's attention returns to the mail in her hand. A letter draws a reaction, and she frowns. Quickly, she tears open the envelope and reads. She gazes at Billy, puzzled.

CARLA
What's this all about?

Billy looks up, takes the letter and nervously reads it.

BILLY
I don't know.

CARLA
What do you mean, you don't know? It's a letter from your school counselor. Why does he want to see me?

BILLY
(tautly)
I said, I don't know.

Carla gazes at Billy deeply, then retrieves the letter and slowly walks to the door. She turns back.

CARLA
You gonna knock it off soon?

BILLY
Yeah.

CARLA
Please lower the radio.

17 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

JULIE, aged seven, and KIM, aged five, are fast asleep in bed, both clinging to battered stuffed animals. A light falls across their faces as Carla softly opens the door and tiptoes across the room. She adjusts the covers and lightly kisses them.

18 BATHROOM - NIGHT

A wall of steam obscures Carla as she steps from the shower and dries her body with a large towel. She wears a shower cap.

19 CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single lamp illuminates the room. Carla sits at her vanity, combing her hair. The lamp, behind her, sheds an aura of light around her shoulders, as he vigorously pulls the brush through her long, lustrous hair. It is starkly silent, save for the STROKE, STROKE, of the HAIR-BRUSH. Carla gazes at herself in the mirror and seems pleased with what she sees. Then her eyes move to:

20 INSERT

A photograph of herself and Jerry Anderson, wedged into the corner of the mirror. They are sitting at a table in a nightclub, both smiling stiffly INTO CAMERA.

21 CARLA

Her face softens at the memory it evokes. She continues brushing her hair.

22 EXT./INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A sudden breeze stirs the foliage outside Carla's bedroom window. Through the sheer curtain, Carla can be seen at her vanity, brushing her hair with patience. She shifts her weight, crossing her leg, the slender calf visible as the robe parts. The CAMERA MOVES ever so SLIGHTLY and SLOWLY forward toward the window.

23 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

From the same ANGLE, we observe Carla brushing her hair. Except that now the CAMERA is unmistakably inside the room. Carla turns her head to brush the other side of her hair, so that she is gazing AWAY from CAMERA. The sound of the BRUSH, BRUSH is all we hear. Very slowly, CAMERA MOVES TOWARD Carla.

24 CLOSE SHOT - CARLA

Carla suddenly pauses, brush in hand. Continuing the exact rhythm of the brush, heretofore obscured by it, is the sound of an almost breathless WHEEZE. The shock penetrates Carla. Her eyes widen, and she moves as though to turn, all this in less than a second.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT

There is a sound of a FIST on flesh. Horror shows on Carla's face. A line of blood spreads from her frightened lips. All these SHOTS happen very quickly. At no time do we glimpse her assailant.

26 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT

Carla is spun through the room, the CAMERA FOLLOWING as she opens her mouth to scream.

27 ANGLE

She is slammed on the bed, face up, and a pillow smashed down over her face. Caught between breaths, Carla can only moan in horror as the pillow is forced harder and harder onto her face. We do not see who it is.

28 CLOSER ANGLE

Carla twists her head violently side to side to escape the pressure of the pillow. Her flailing arms cannot seem to budge it. Her pathetic moans are accompanied by her attacker's heavy breathing. Carla's eyes widen in further horror as she realizes what is to happen and is filled with sudden energy. She bucks and kicks and her arms flail wildly, fingernails like claws seeking the face of -- who? For still we do not see her attacker. The heavy BREATHING escalates, RUMBLING at about thirty decibels.

29 CLOSE (DISTORTED ANGLES) - CARLA

Abstract, non-literal montage: Carla's eyes, mirroring pain, agony -- her fingers, clawing desperately at nothing -- her face twisting about in the pillow, being pressed against it, forcing her to gasp for each breath until she is choking. Through all the miasmic horror, she hears LAUGHTER, thin, high-pitched, mewling LAUGHTER, like that of a child, but senile. The whole bed is rocking. She twists and coughs, and finally manages to extricate her face from the pillow. She screams and screams.

30 CEILING LIGHT

blooms into CAMERA lens as it is switched on. Billy rushes up to the bed, brandishing a large wrench. His face is alive with terror.

BILLY
Mom!

31 CARLA

bolts up in bed, screaming, staring at Billy, not knowing him.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

BILLY
Mom! What is it?

Carla instinctively grabs the sheet and covers her body. She is whimpering, moaning, her eyes roving around the room with fear.

32 ANGLE

Billy takes a hesitant step toward her. His face expresses a pitifully tender fright, as he pleads:

BILLY
Mom!

His voice brings forth some instinct in Carla, some need to take over, to mentally focus, to act. Tears run down her face.

CARLA
Oh, Bill!

Billy goes to her, takes her hand. Carla sobs.

CARLA
Billy, Billy, Billy...

BILLY
What is it, Mom? What's wrong?

Carla looks around. WIDEN ANGLE. There is no one else in the room. Carla's eyes rove about, seeking, searching.

CARLA
Where is he --? Check the windows.

Billy hesitates.

CARLA
Check the windows!

Billy rises and goes to the windows, trying each one.

BILLY
They're locked.

CARLA
Then he's still in the house.

Billy dashes out of the room.

33 LIVING ROOM

Billy rushes down the hallway, fearful but determined to search for the intruder and do battle if necessary. On his way through the living room, he holds the wrench poised against possible attack. He first tries the front door, and finds it locked. Then he strides through to the kitchen. We HEAR a number of DOORS BEING OPENED and CLOSED. In a moment, Billy returns, hurries back up the hallway and into Carla's room.

34 CARLA'S BEDROOM

Billy enters, still gripping the wrench, and shakes his head.

BILLY
There's no one here, Mom.

CARLA
I want you to call the police!

BILLY
Mom, there's nobody in the house. The front door's locked, and no one came through the garage.

Carla's mind is reeling.

CARLA
(uncertainly)
Didn't you see anybody? Didn't you hear anybody?

BILLY
Only when you screamed.

35 JULIE AND KIM

have appeared at the bedroom door and stand there terrified.

BILLY
Go back to bed. It was just a dream. Mommy had a bad dream.

But the girls stand as though frozen in the doorway.

CARLA
Look in the bathroom.

The girls turn like automatons, gaze into the hall bathroom.

CARLA
Well?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

JULIE
(in tears)
There's nobody in there.

Billy goes to them, gently calms them.

BILLY
You've had bad dreams, too.
Now Mommy's had one.

36 CLOSE - CARLA

She has controlled her shaking. Her expression is a mixture of horror and confusion.

CARLA
(softly)
A dream?

37 BILLY

frightened, trying not to show it.

BILLY
Yeah...that's all...a dream.

38 CLOSE - CARLA

Assailed by pain and anguish, she gazes down at her body, as though to explore, and she rests her head against the bedstead. She gazes at the girls, standing, weeping, in the doorway. All at once, Carla breaks down and starts weeping herself. She extends her arms to the girls, and they quickly scamper to Carla, climb upon her and cling to her. Carla looks up at Billy and, in an unspoken gesture, beckons to him. His eyes, too, are misty as he kneels before her and she reaches out to include him in her embrace.

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED

40 EXT. EL SEGUNDO HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

From the vantage point of a telephone booth on a street corner, we SEE students entering and leaving the school. Carla is inside the booth talking into the telephone.

CARLA
Can you give me a number where I can reach him?

41 INT. SHOWROOM IN GARMENT MART - DAY

A swank set-up featuring the company's line of women's fashions. A MAN is speaking into the phone. Around him is a bustle of BUYERS, SALESPERSONS, and MODELS, who demonstrate the line.

MAN
Right now, Anderson is somewhere between Denver and Spokane. He's due back in three weeks; care to leave your name in case he calls?

42 CLOSE - CARLA

She bites her lip indecisively.

CARLA
Yes, please -- it's Carla Moran. He knows my number.

She hangs up the phone and quickly exits the booth, and hurries toward the school entrance.

43 OMITTED

44 EXT. KENTNER STREET HOUSE - DAY

The late afternoon sun casts long shadows on the house as Carla's Buick pulls up to a stop in the driveway. Climbing out wearily Carla sees Julie and Kim playing in the front yard. Kim runs to her.

KIM
Hello, Mommy.

CARLA
Hello, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Carla opens the rear door and takes out a bag of groceries. She sees Julie.

CARLA
Did Jerry call?

JULIE
Yes, just a while ago.

CARLA
(sotto)
Damn.

JULIE
He was at the airport. He said he'd call you when he lands.

CARLA
(nods)
Here, Julie, carry this into the kitchen.

Julie hurries to relieve the parcel from her mother. Carla removes two more huge bags out of the back, kicks the door shut with her foot, and carries them into the house.

45 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A shoot-'em-up movie is on television. Billy is on the couch doing his homework. Carla glances at him as she carries the groceries into the:

46 KITCHEN

Carla deposits the grocery bags on the table as Kim watches her eagerly. Carla starts to empty a bag containing the most basic of staples: Corn Flakes, milk, day-old bread, etc., but her mind is on Billy. As she leaves, Kim continues emptying the bags.

47 LIVING ROOM

Carla re-enters, stands by the television set and watches Billy for a long moment. Then, reaching down to the knob, she asks first:

CARLA
I had a talk with your counselor. He tells me that you've been cutting classes, and you've fallen way behind in your work.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

BILLY
That's why he sent for you? Why didn't he tell me? Why did he have to tell you? Sure, I've missed some classes -- I'm not the only one. Why did he pick on me to make a big issue over?

CARLA
(quietly)
Listen, Bill. I know life been pretty hectic around here lately, and I'm sorry about that. But things will straighten out, everything is going to be okay. Truly.
(touches his cheek)
You've only got a few more years before you'll be on your own, having to deal with your own responsibilities.

Julie peeks in from the kitchen.

JULIE
Mom, Kim is emptying the groceries.

There is a loud CRASH of BOTTLES from the kitchen. Carla jumps up and dashes into the kitchen.

CARLA
(en route)
Oh, my God...!

CAMERA REMAINS on Billy, gazing after his mother -- his expression one of love and concern.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

48 EXT. KENTNER STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES toward the Moran house.

49 thru 51 OMITTED

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS.

Carla hurries to it and snatches up the receiver.

CARLA
Hello? Jerry -- ?

53 INT. IMPERIAL AIRPORT TERMINAL - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Bustle of AIRPORT ACTIVITY in his b.g., JERRY ANDERSON, a tall, darkly handsome man, sits in a booth, phone in hand. His expression is anxious.

JERRY
Hi, honey. Everything okay?

54 CAMERA INTERCUTS BETWEEN THEM

CARLA
(Desperately)
Oh, Jerry --

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

JERRY
What is it? What happened?

CARLA
(hesitantly)
It -- It's -- It's nothing, really... It's just that I can't wait to see you.

JERRY
Can't wait to see me -- ? That's why you sent out a search party -- ? Christ, Carla, you scared the hell out of me --

CARLA
Oh, Jerry, I'm sorry, but --

JERRY
I mean, I miss you, too, but it can't be helped. You know that --
(sudden thought)
Er...by the way, there's a problem. Now don't blow your top, but Milt Rosen's in the hospital and I gotta cover his territory.

CARLA
How long will that take?

JERRY
About a week or so more...

CARLA
-- Oh, Jerry -- !

JERRY
Hey, it can't be helped, Carly. It's my job -- it's for us...

CARLA
I need you now, Jerry, now.

JERRY
(smiles)
You got me. Now and forever.

55 CLOSE - CARLA

She returns his kiss over the phone and whispers.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

CARLA
We love you, too. Take care.

As she hangs up, CAMERA PANS to Billy, who watches her with a look that is both hostile and anguished. Carla notes this and walks slowly to his side. She reaches out and lovingly brushes a wisp of hair from his brow, and softly, gently, speaks.

CARLA
Try to understand -- I like Jerry, and he's trying to like you. You owe him that much in return. He's my friend. You know what I mean? Maybe it'll be permanent. You better think about that.

BILLY
(miserably)
It's your mistake.

Carla cannot conceal the pain she feels over her son's attitude.

CARLA
Okay. Let's leave it at that. My mistake. I let you make yours.

Billy gazes down at the floor, then, without another word or gesture, he rises and goes to his room.

Carla remains standing, gazing after him, acutely aware of the pressures that are mounting about her.

56 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The house seems devoured in an inky stillness.

57 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE DOWN on Carla in bed. The lamp on the night table sheds a weak glow. It is silent save for the TICKING of the alarm CLOCK. CAMERA INCHES toward Carla. Her eyes are half-closed, heavy with sleep, which she tries to resist, but it's a losing battle. As CAMERA CLOSES in on her face, her eyelids flutter and finally remain quiescent in sleep. CAMERA CONTINUES to move into her eyes. Suddenly, they snap open. Alert. Aware of a sudden chill, and an awful odor which causes her to sniff and wrinkle her nose in disgust.

57 CONTINUED:

A trembling in the atmosphere causes the lamp and clock to jitter on her night table.

58 ANGLE - CARLA

She springs up into FRAME, her senses keened.

CARLA
Bill!

59 VANITY - EFFECT SHOT

A cosmetic bottle explodes. PAN to WINDOW: The drape rips off its rod.

60 CARLA - EFFECT SHOT

bolts out of bed.

CARLA
Bill!

Her dress is by the bedside, ready for her. She quickly drapes it around her, buttoning buttons, and dashes to the door. The night table skitters across the room, missing her by inches, and crashes into the wall.

61 INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy scrambles out of bed, dashes into the hallway, meeting Carla.

CARLA
There's something coming!

The bedroom DOOR SLAMS behind her, seemingly of its own volition.

CARLA
Let's get out of here!

BILLY
(terrified)
Mom!

CARLA
Grab Kim! I'll take Julie!

62 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The girls are awake, holding each other tightly. Carla grabs Julie; Billy sweeps up Kim, the blanket draped over her legs.

BILLY
Should I take the blanket?!

CARLA
Yes! Yes! Take it!
Get out!

63 INT. LIVING ROOM - EFFECT SHOT - NIGHT

As they rush to the front door, the NOISES from the BEDROOM sound as if it were being systematically torn apart.

CARLA
Dear God!

Tears of rage course down her cheeks as she fumbles with the bolt on the front door, but Julie in her arms hampers her movements. Carla finally opens the front door and they dash out.

64 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy hustles the girls into the back of the car, and climbs into the front seat. Carla dashes around to the driver's side, fumbling around in her purse for the car keys, and finally realizing that she's left them in the house.

CARLA
Damn!

She takes a deep breath and starts back to the house, at a slower pace.

65 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carla appears at the half-open door, peers into the living room.

66 INSERT

The keys lying on top of the mantlepiece.

67 CARLA

quickly enters and snatches up the bunch of keys and starts to dash back out when:

68 BEDROOM DOOR - EFFECT

The door has come un-loose from its upper hinge and starts to fall toward her in a slow but determined manner.

69 CARLA'S EYES

staring in terror at the collapsing door, and the HEAVY BREATHING from beyond it. Carla stifles a scream and dashes out into the night.

70 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

In an instant, Carla is in the car, starts the engine, slips it into reverse and shoots backwards into her neighbor's shrubbery. She GRINDS it into FIRST, SPINS the TIRES, SQUEALING and ROARING out into Kentner Street.

71 OMITTED

72 INT. BUICK - NIGHT

The houses rush by as Carla floors the gas pedal.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

CARLA
Billy, did you hear that?

Billy, sitting petrified, saying nothing.

CARLA
(whirls on him)
Didn't you smell it?

He looks at her strangely, his eyes glistening with tears. The girls in the back seat are whimpering with fright.

KIM
(weeping)
I smelled something, Mommy.

73 EXT. BUICK - NIGHT

Billy gazes bug-eyed out the windshield.

BILLY
Slow down, Mom. You're going sixty.

Carla eases a bit on the accelerator. She seems to be operating in a vacuum, by pure instinct.

CARLA
Where are we?

BILLY
We're near Colorado Avenue.

Carla gathers herself a bit, eases off on the gas pedal.

CARLA
(glancing back at the girls)
Listen, kids, we're going to be all right. You got that? You guys okay?

The girls nod affirmatively. Carla gazes at Billy in his underwear.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

CARLA
Better wrap that blanket around yourself, Bill. We're going to Cindy's.

74 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge pink building, like all the other apartment complexes on the street. Blue and red exotic lighting makes the palm trees in front look like horrible, sickly plants. The Buick comes to a stop in front of the building. Carla and the children emerge and climb the stairs to the second level.

75 EXT. SECOND LEVEL - CINDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A WATER FOUNTAIN GURGLES below. Carla and the children approach a door marked "2C." Carla pauses to whisper:

CARLA
Listen, let me do all the talking. Whatever I say, that's what happened. Okay?

They nod their heads solemnly. Carla presses the doorbell. A distant BUZZER is heard. But no one comes to the door. Carla presses it again. Then a hand parts the drape slowly at the window beside the door. The door opens and CINDY NASH stands on the threshold. She's about thirty, really quite pretty, but right now she is wearing an old bathrobe.

CINDY
(keeping her voice low)
Carla! Billy. What --

CARLA
Oh, Cindy --

CINDY
Come on in. Everybody. Come on in.

They follow Cindy through the door.

76 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy switches on a table lamp, revealing a cluttered, claustrophobic room. The carpet is frayed, the walls are cracked, and the furniture has seen better days. Cindy speaks as they enter, in a soft whisper so as not to awaken GEORGE, who can be heard SNORING o.s.

76 CONTINUED:

CINDY
What was it? A fire?

CARLA
No. We...got thrown out of our place.

CINDY
You got thrown out. By who?

CARLA
We -- just had to get out...

CINDY
Had to... I don't get it. What happened?

The girls start to weep. Cindy breathes a piteous sigh.

CINDY
Aw, kids. Look, you want to stay here, is that it? Sure.

Cindy quickly goes to the hall closet and returns with an armful of blankets and two pillows.

CINDY
Here, wrap yourselves in these. Julie and Kim can sleep on the couch. Billy, you can curl up on the hassock.
(to Carla)
I'm afraid it's the floor for you, hon.

CARLA
Thanks, Cindy. I don't know what I'd've done...

CINDY
(to the children)
You all get some sleep.

Cindy tiptoes into her own bedroom and softly closes the door.

Carla is so bone tired, she can hardly stand. Slowly, she sinks to the floor and, grabbing a blanket, draws it around her shoulders. The children have settled themselves in and Kim has already fallen asleep. Through the thin walls of the bedroom, we can HEAR CINDY's distinct VOICE and GEORGE'S grumbling REPLY, o.s.

77 CLOSER - CARLA

Slowly she rests back on the pillow and turns her head away from the children. Tears begin to form in her eyes. Tears of exhaustion, frustration, fear. She is crying, but making no sound.

78 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - DAY

"Captain Kangaroo" is entertaining the girls as they lie on the floor munching bowls of cereal. Billy is still asleep in the corner, the blanket covering his head. GEORGE enters from the bedroom. He is in his forties, a big man, prematurely gone to fat. He hesitates when he sees his floor covered with kids and pillows and blankets. He breathes a silent, "Christ," then steps over the girls and peers into the kitchen. Finding no one there, he comes back into the living room, seems to see something outside on the balcony, and gingerly steps across bodies to the window. He peers out.

79 HIS POV

Through a veil of curtains, we SEE Cindy and Carla, standing by the upper steps some distance away. Carla wears the dress of the night before. Cindy is in robe and slippers.

80 EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Cindy is stunned, her hand at her mouth.

CINDY
-- Raped?

For a long moment, neither can speak; then OVERLAPPING:

CINDY
-- Oh, baby -- Oh, my God --
I'm sorry --

CARLA
It was -- I feel like --
ruined --

CINDY
Baby, baby -- oh, my God! How
did it happen?

CARLA
I was all alone in my bedroom
and -- something grabbed me --
smothered me --

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

CINDY
Did you call the police?

CARLA
-- No -- I mean --
(a beat)
There was no reason to.

CINDY
What in God's name are you talking about?

CARLA
(trying to find the right words)
-- Cindy -- it was and it wasn't -- I was raped, beaten, but when the lights went on, there was nobody there.

CINDY
Maybe he got out through the window?

CARLA
No, the windows were locked.

CINDY
I don't understand. You were -- attacked, or you weren't -- ?

CARLA
Of course I was. He beat me. He almost strangled me. Then he -- raped me. And when it was over, he vanished -- like he was never there --

Cindy leans against the railing, unable to comprehend the import of what she hears.

CARLA
You see? You see? There's no answer, is there? It's true and it's not true. It happened and it didn't. I flipped out! I flipped out, Cindy! Twice!

CINDY
It happened again?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA
It started to last night.
That's why I got out of there.

In a scared voice, Cindy asks:

CINDY
Are you on drugs?

CARLA
Drugs? Me? God, no!

CINDY
Then you got to see a doctor.

CARLA
(with a puzzled look)
A doctor?

CINDY
Honey, when men who aren't there come in and fuck you, you need a shrink.

CARLA
I can't afford it --

CINDY
Betty Rivers goes to the walk-in clinic at the university, and payment is whatever you can afford.

CARLA
I hate the thought.

CINDY
Think about it, anyway.
Come on, let's go in.

Cindy starts to go in, but stops -- a pensive, bemused expression appearing in her eyes. Carla watches her.

CARLA
What is it?

CINDY
I was just thinking -- the things we've had to endure. From chastity belts to rape. It's bad enough dealing with men.

She shakes her head in weary disbelief, starts in.

81 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - DAY

As they walk into the living room, George is emerging from the bedroom, dressed for work.

GEORGE
Is it possible to get breakfast in this place?

CINDY
In a minute, George.

GEORGE
Christ.

He goes to the TV and lowers it to a whisper. The girls groan with displeasure. Carla gives them a sign to keep quiet.

82 EXT. FRONT OF CINDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carla is standing on the balcony gazing down at:

83 OMITTED

84 HER POV

Billy is tossing balls to Julie and Kim on the driveway below. The girls scramble over each other to field them. They are wearing new clothes.

85 BACK TO SCENE

Carla's expression turns wistful, as though wishing to freeze this lovely moment in time.

86 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The children are asleep. Carla lies on her floor-bed awake, listening to the sound of MUFFLED VOICES coming from the bedroom.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Well, why <u>didn't</u> you tell her?!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

CINDY (O.S.)
Oh, George, I couldn't. She's got no place to go! It's only for another day or two.

GEORGE (O.S.)
God damn it! I want them out tomorrow -- !

CINDY (O.S.)
Shhh!

GEORGE (O.S.)
I don't give a damn if she does hear. Now you tell her! Understand!

Carla is gazing up at the ceiling, biting her lip. Now what?

87 INT. NASH KITCHEN - DAY

The morning sun spills through the window brightly. Cindy sits forlornly at the table sipping coffee; Carla enters, bouncing, happy, her face wreathed in smiles, an ebullience that is patently false, and that does not escape Cindy's sharp eyes.

CARLA
I think we'll leave after lunch. Thank you for all you've done, Cindy.

CINDY
(unable to face her friend)
Are you sure you feel okay?

CARLA
I feel fine.

CINDY
(looks at her)
I don't know. I've been thinking, Carly. Maybe you should move.

CARLA
Move? I'm a part time receptionist, Cindy. I've got ten dollars in my pocket. I still owe for this month's rent. How am I gonna move?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

Cindy can no longer restrain her tears.

CINDY
Oh, Carly -- I'm so sorry...

CARLA
Hey, c'mon now...
(they embrace)
Don't worry. Once I learn to type and take shorthand, I'll get a decent job. I'll be okay. I think it was all in my head anyway. I mean, these past few days I've felt really great. Maybe the worst is over...

But the look in Carla's eyes belies the smiling good cheer in her voice.

88 LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The Buick travels slowly up a well-lit, business part of L.A.

89 INT. CAR - DAY

Carla seems very tired as she negotiates the Buick through some rather heavy traffic. Her eyes peer through the windshield almost non-seeing. Billy has just finished eating a hot dog. The girls in the back seat are still munching on theirs. Billy looks at Carla questioningly, seems reluctant to pressure her, but at last cannot resist saying:

BILLY
Any idea where we're going?

Carla hears him, but does not respond, merely continues to drive.

90 EXT. SANTA MONICA ESPLANADE - NIGHT

The lovely wide boulevard is flanked by imposing hotels. The Buick passes slowly by the Miramar Hotel.

91 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carla gazes wistfully out at the Miramar, wishing she had the money to take a room for herself and her children.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

But she continues driving and the Miramar passes from view. Billy is quite upset as he sits beside her, flashing quick looks at her. The girls are asleep in the back.

BILLY
We can't just keep driving all night.

Carla gazes at Billy, and is finally forced to shake her head in agreement.

92 INT./EXT. MORAN HOUSE - EVENING

From the dark living room, CAMERA ANGLES through the window as the Buick pulls up into the driveway. We can vaguely HEAR the girls' VOICES and LAUGHTER as they clamber out of the car and run to the front door. Carla follows behind them, not quite so eagerly. It is not necessary to unlock the door, since they failed to lock it when they left. It now CREAKS mournfully as Carla twists the knob and pushes it slowly open. Kim and Julie scamper past her and rush into their own room. Carla, in panic, gestures after them.

CARLA
Girls! No! Come back!

Billy, seeing his mother's fear, decides to challenge it by walking bravely into the center of the living room and turning to her.

BILLY
Same ol' place, Mom.

Carla enters, tentatively, scanning every nook and cranny of the room, seeking corroboration of the nightmare. Billy follows her closely.

93 THEIR POV

PANNING around the room. Only the door to her bedroom is damaged, and leans precariously from its lower hinge.

94 BACK TO SCENE

Billy walks courageously up to the door and pushes it back into its proper position.

BILLY
Boy, you really slammed it hard. It's only the top hinge. I can fix it.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

Carla nods vaguely, then takes a few steps forward so that she can see into her bedroom.

95 HER POV

Inside the sheets are fallen from the bed. The lamp lies on the floor, the shade stepped on and bent. A bottle of cologne lies shattered on the floor, and the vanity is tipped back against the wall, but otherwise the room seems perfectly normal.

96 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carla enters and walks to the vanity. At her lightest touch, it falls back into place. She examines the mirror for cracks, but there are none. Amazed, Carla circles slowly through the room, picking up a bottle, the sheets, replacing the broken lamp on the table. Billy stands on the threshold, watching her. She gazes up at the ceiling for signs of damage, but there are none. She shakes her head in wonderment.

BILLY
It was a crazy night.

The girls rush into the bedroom holding their stuffed animals.

JULIE
Clown was lonely, Mommy.

KIM
Pierre, too.

Suddenly they all remain rooted in fear as a LOW, GROANING sound TREMBLES through the atmosphere, seeming to emerge from the foundation of the house. They are speechless as the sound EBBS and FADES. Carla licks her lips.

CARLA
Well, you all heard that, didn't you?

All nod. Billy gazes down at the floor.

BILLY
It came from under the house.

97 EXT. UNDER THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mould, decayed cardboard, and wet pipes dangle from soggy rafters, as Billy squirms beneath the narrow crawl-space. His flashlight sends a beam shooting through pipes and cement blocks.

98 EXT. CARLA - NIGHT

Her face is pressed through the small opening outside the crawl-space, worriedly following Billy's progress.

99 CLOSE - BILLY

Approaching a tangle of pipes, he grasps one for support. Immediately, a LOW, METALLIC GROAN is heard. When he releases the pipe, the GROANING CEASES. He tries it several times to make sure.

100 CLOSE - CARLA

nervously watching.

CARLA
Billy! Are you all right?

BILLY (O.S.)
Sure, Mom! It's just this pipe! When I touch it, it makes the noise. See!

The sound is heard again. Then stops. Carla's expression remains fearful and unconvinced.

CARLA
Then what touched it before?

101 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carla and the children are seated on the bed, playing cards. Carla, Billy and Julie seem distracted. Only Kim is really playing the game. She gazes at her mother petulantly.

KIM
Mommy, it's your turn.

The front DOORBELL RINGS.

102 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy precedes Carla through the hallway and living room to the front door. He opens it and Cindy stands on the threshold, a small overnight bag in her hand. She smiles.

102 CONTINUED:

CINDY
Hi, folks. Remember me?

Carla's face softens. The girls rush up to Cindy.

CARLA
(warmly)
-- Cindy!

CINDY
Got room for a weary traveller?

CARLA
(softly.--
with love)
Cindy.

103 INT. MORAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

The clock reads: 11:40. Cindy is washing, Carla drying.

CARLA
What about George?

CINDY
As far as he knows, I'm with my sister in Reseda. Not that he gives a particular damn.

Carla turns off the light. They walk into the living room.

CARLA
Thank you, Cindy. I was feeling a little, you know, strange about the whole thing.

Cindy plops herself on the sofa which is super-stiff.

CINDY
I could just use your couch --
(makes a face)
-- I guess.

Carla laughs.

CINDY
Unless you'd rather sleep on it?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

CARLA
No, no. It's all right. I'll be okay.

CINDY
(smiles in agreement)
Just leave the door open.

CARLA
Sleep tight, Cindy. And thanks again for everything.

Carla turns and goes to:

104 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carla enters the bedroom forthrightly, in a no-nonsense manner. She is determined to be positive and moves briskly about, ripping off the sheets to make the bed afresh. But it doesn't work, and soon, tormented by the memories of the past nights, she can only stand there, unable to function.

CINDY (O.S.)
Hey?

Carla turns, sees Cindy standing on the threshold, and rushes to her. They embrace rightly, Carla in tears.

CARLA
-- Ch, Cindy, Cindy --

CINDY
Come on, come on -- nothing's gonna happen.

They cling to each other, Cindy's expression softening into a sad smile. Then, with a naughty glint in her eye:

CINDY
-- Hey, if he should come -- ask him if he's got a friend.

Carla bursts out laughing. Soon they are both laughing, a touch too loudly and hysterically.

105 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES toward the bedroom window. The breeze whips the foliage, causing shadows to dance across the face of the house.

106 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door is slightly ajar. CAMERA MOVES around to the bed, where we find Carla, still dressed, sitting up in bed waiting tensely for something to happen. Each sound: RUSTLING LEAVES, DRIPPING TAPS, CREAKING SHINGLES, are magnified as her eyes rove about, wide and searching.

MATCH CUT TO:

107 CARLA'S FACE

suddenly snaps awake. It is morning. She is still in a sitting position, having fallen asleep against the pillow. Her face is suddenly alert, her nostrils flaring as she smells something.

108 INT. MORAN KITCHEN - DAY

BACON is SIZZLING under Cindy's supervision. The children are dressed for school, sitting around the table, eating.

109 ANGLE - THE DOOR

Carla peers around the edge of the door jamb and gazes in pleased amazement at what she sees.

CARLA
Well, look at you all.

There is a general murmur of "good mornings."

CINDY
Hey, you're dressed already. Did you sleep okay?

CARLA
Great.

CINDY
Well, you'd better hurry. It's nearly eight. You go to work. I'll get the kids off and clean up. Here's your coffee.

Carla accepts the coffee from Cindy and sips it with pleasure.

CARLA
Cindy, you're a wonder.

110 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAY

Julie and Kim accompany Carla to the Buick and kiss her fervently good-bye. Carla gets in the car, backs out and drives off. The girls stand watching after her.

111 EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - DAY

The Buick cruises down the boulevard in the flow of traffic.

112 INT. BUICK - DAY

Carla seems genuinely refreshed this morning. She fiddles with the radio, then decides to turn it off. She gazes ahead.

113 THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The avenue is a bright collage of creamy color and blue sky.

114 CLOSE - CARLA

She drives carefully, though her mind seems to be on distant thoughts. She comes to a red light, and stops, looks out at:

115 HER POV

Two male Latin faces look down appreciatingly at her from a beat-up truck in the adjacent lane.

116 BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly, Carla is flung to the side of the window, as if she were punched by a fist. As her face erupts into a scream, the Buick shoots forward with TIRES SQUEALING.

117 TWO LATINS

stare ahead at the charging Buick in dumb amazement.

118 EXT. THE BUICK

speeding down the boulevard, wheeling sharply around oncoming cars.

119 INT. BUICK

Carla is gasping, her face fraught with fear.

The sound of HEAVY BREATHING is heard. Carla's head spins about. Her eyes wide with terror. Searching. But there is no one in the car.

120 EXT. THE BUICK

speeds down the avenue, passing other cars.

121 INT. BUICK

Carla is wide-eyed, trying to control the steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

CARLA
(shrieks)
Stop it!

Now light laughter, raucous, foul, reverberates in her ears. The steering wheel slips through her hand, as if turning by itself.

122 EXT. BUICK

It turns sharply to the right, onto the main artery of Santa Monica, on its way to the ocean.

123 INT. BUICK

Carla grabs at the wheel but cannot budge it.

124 CLOSE - THE ACCELERATOR

is down to the floorboard. She tries to pry it up with her foot without success.

125 CLOSE - CARLA

She screams.

126 CLOSE - DOOR LOCK

snaps down under its own power.

127 THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Pedestrians hesitate, then move back, as the Buick speeds past them.

128 CARLA

her hands hanging uselessly at her side, waiting for the inevitable end to the whole grizzly nightmare. She shuts her eyes.

129 THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The pier is just ahead and the Buick is speeding toward it.

130 CLOSE - CARLA

Suddenly, Carla's eyes snap open, and in a sudden vicious move, she twists the wheel so hard that the CAR SCREECHES.

131 INT./EXT. THROUGH WINDSHIELD - PIER APPROACH (SLOW MOTION) - DAY

The car careens over the sidewalk. Two men, lounging in the shadows of the building, seem to fly back as the car lurches toward them. In an abstraction, the window breaks in like a wave as the car hits a pole.

132 EXT. BUICK (SLOW MOTION)

As it impacts against the pole, the metal grille buckles, fenders and interior engine parts are thrown from the ripped hood. Then everything is still.

SLOW EFFECT DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. NEUROPSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - WEST COAST UNIVERSITY - DAY

UNFOCUSSED SHOT of Carla, a deformed reflection seen in the glassed-in partition of the examining room: a small cubicle devoid of decor and spartanly furnished. Her face is bruised and bandaged. She is sitting on a chair, folding and unfolding her hands, as CAMERA FOCUSSES. She is watching someone o.s., like a scared animal, seems on the edge of losing control. CAMERA PANS to GARY SNEIDERMAN, sitting across from her. Handsome, boyish, wearing a white jacket, he leans forward toward her awaiting an answer, which is not forthcoming.

GARY
What makes you think it was not a real man who raped you?

134 CARLA

Her eyes gaze at him, unseeing. Her voice is empty.

CARLA
-- He just -- evaporated -- when Billy turned on the light --

GARY
You felt him in you, though?

CARLA
Yes.

GARY
(consults his fact sheet)
...and you've never had experience with drugs?

CARLA
No.

134 CONTINUED:

GARY
What did you think happened?

CARLA
I -- I wasn't sure -- I -- I felt terrible inside. You can't mistake that. I'm not sure if he -- if he...

GARY
Ejaculated?

CARLA
Yes. I think he did. He was foul.

GARY
You smelled him -- ?

Carla nods. Her fingers absorb her interest, locked in her lap, intertwining, back and forth.

GARY
You said it happened a second time.

CARLA
Yes, but he didn't get me. I ran out of the house. I drove to my friend's apartment.

GARY
And then?

CARLA
I stayed with Cindy a few days. I felt better. We all did. I couldn't stay there forever. I went back home with the kids. Cindy stayed with me that night. Everything was fine. Then -- this morning -- driving to school --

GARY
He tried to kill you.

A long pause. Carla studies the intense, young man in front of her with odd curiosity, as if seeing him for the first time.

CARLA
You think I'm crazy, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

GARY
(shrugs)
In this clinic, there's a fifty-three-year-old woman who speaks to a baby that isn't there, nurses it, diapers it, and it doesn't exist. There's a seventeen-year-old boy who climbs steps that aren't there. It happens. Much more often than you think. And each patient swears that what he sees, smells and feels is no hallucination.

CARLA
Then I'm no different.

Gary reaches for an information sheet.

GARY
We'll see. Right now I'd like to complete this form.
(studies it)
Let's see, where were we...? Moran ...is that your legal name?

CARLA
No. It's Miranda. It's my married name.

GARY
Husband living?

CARLA
(her eyes cloud)
He died a long time ago. Before Billy was born.

GARY
Other children?

CARLA
Two girls. Julie and Kim. Their father's name is Robert Garret. He's alive, but not living with us. We weren't married.

Gary rises.

GARY
Okay, Carla. We have to take some medical tests, a few psychological tests. They don't hurt.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (3)

CARLA
(rising)
Now?

GARY
Yes, I'd like to get them started.

Carla appears frightened of the idea.

GARY
(reassuring)
I'll be with you if you like.

Carla smiles wanly, the only moment since she has been in the office that she seems anything like herself again.

135 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The night is misty. A light drizzle falls.

136 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy leans over Carla's shoulder, daubing disinfectant to her bruised skin. Carla, seated, winces.

BILLY
It's a miracle you're alive. The Buick's totalled.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

CARLA
Think you can fix it?

BILLY
I'm not sure. It won't be cheap.

The WHISTLE of the TEA KETTLE sounds distantly. Billy puts down the bottle of disinfectant and hurries into the kitchen, passing Kim, who stands at the doorway, worriedly.

KIM
Did the doctor hurt you?

Carla turns to her tenderly.

CARLA
No, honey, no. Not at all.
Mommy just talked.

Carla leans back in the chair, her eyes closed.

KIM
Mommy?

CARLA
Hmmm?

KIM
Is everything gonna be all right,
Mommy?

Carla opens her eyes. A look of overwhelming sadness floods her face at the anguish she is causing her children. She holds out her arms and Kim scampers across to her.

Embracing each other, Carla draws Kim onto her lap. Billy enters from the kitchen, and places a cup of tea beside Carla.

CARLA
Thanks, Bill.

Billy starts to leave.

CARLA
(worriedly)
Billy.

He turns.

CARLA
If Jerry calls, for God's sake,
don't tell him anything.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

Billy's expression tightens with hostility. Then, without a word or gesture, he turns and goes back into the kitchen. Carla gazes after him, her face flooding with sadness.

137 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The drizzle has let up and the moonlight sheds a soft glow on the window-side of the house. CAMERA MOVES in toward the darkened bedroom window.

138 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON CARLA - NIGHT

asleep, tossing and turning, caught in a dream which mobilizes her face.

139 CLOSE - CARLA'S EYES

She abruptly awakens, wide-eyed, terrified, biting back a scream. Then, realizing it was a dream, she collapses back onto the pillow in anguish, her breathing rapid.

140 LONG SHOT

Carla, seen from a slit in the bedroom door. We HEAR the sound of HEAVY BREATHING. CAMERA MOVES slowly toward Carla.

141 CLOSER ANGLE

The torment of her dream is still in Carla's eyes, when suddenly, she bolts upright with an "Oh, no -- !" and springs to her feet. Her face is alive with fear as she starts to slowly back away toward the door, away from a presence she knows is about to attack her. Her hand clutches for the doorknob, reaches it, is about to pull it open when:

142 FULL - CARLA

The door slams shut. At the same time, she screams and pulls it open.

143 HALLWAY

Carla rushes screaming from the bedroom and into the dark hallway. Her nightgown rips from her body as she rushes naked into the dark.

144 BATHROOM

Carla slams the door shut behind her and, sobbing hysterically, backs off into a corner. Her eyes are alert with animal fear as her shoulders reach the farthest wall.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

Then, with heart-stopping suddenness, she is pulled forward into CAMERA, then slammed back against the wall.

CARLA
No -- please --

145 CLOSE - CARLA (DISTORTED ANGLES)

She throws herself violently forward, is slammed back against the wall. Her face is a mask of pain as her assailant penetrates her and pounds and pounds her against the wall. She bucks, she kicks, her fingers claw the air, to no avail.

146 CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

The sound of CARLA'S AGONY is clearly heard, yet Kim and Julie remain peacefully asleep.

147 BILLY'S BEDROOM

He is awake, raised up on an elbow, listening to the terrible sounds emerging from the bathroom. His expression is one of tortured pity, and helplessness.

148 INT. CLINIC - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Gary Neiderman examines Carla's wounds. CAMERA MOVES BACK from a close shot of a raw, red bruise lining from her neck down to her shoulder. She sits immobile, back to CAMERA, in bra and skirt. A nurse stands by. Gary gently touches the sore areas, studies a hickie, with teethmarks, on the side of her breast. He is unable to conceal his amazement.

GARY
Was there an odor?

CARLA
Yes. Disgusting.
(then, hesitantly)
He spoke to me.

GARY
Really? What did he say?

CARLA
He called me a...

GARY
What?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

CARLA
(glances at Nurse, lowers her voice)
Cunt.

Gary examines her ankles, which bear the distinct black and blue marks of handprints.

GARY
How did these happen?

CARLA
That's where they held me.

GARY
They?

CARLA
He has helpers. Small ones. Two of them.

GARY
You mean like children?

CARLA
They're not children, doctor. They're strong.

GARY
Dwarfs?

CARLA
I don't know what they are. I can't see them, I feel them. They hold my legs down while he --

GARY
You can get dressed.

Carla stares at the multiple bruises on her inner thighs. She turns to Gary with a touch of anger.

CARLA
These bruises and bites are real, aren't they? They're in places I couldn't have bitten myself!

GARY
Yes, they're real. And your feelings are real. But I need more information.

148 CONTINUED: (2)

Carla puts on her blouse.

CARLA
Haven't the tests told you anything?

GARY
They're still being evaluated, but I think I can say that what you're experiencing is rooted to early psychological and emotional development.

CARLA
What does that mean?

GARY
Simply that certain phases of our lives never really die. They continue to exist within us. For certain reasons, they come back causing delusions, anxieties, even hallucinations.

CARLA
So simple.

GARY
Not at all. It's as though the part of us that walks around during the day, is full of holes. The conscious mind has no problem. Orders hamburgers, reads the newspaper, yells at the kids. But some deeper experience crawls up like a magician through a trap door and takes over at very specific moments, for very specific reasons.

Carla smiles, but her hands drop nervously into her lap.

CARLA
What are you going to do? Give me shock treatments?

GARY
(gently)
No, no, Carla. Nothing like that. Look -- think of it this way. We're going to put a patch on an inner tube. But it's your conscious mind which has to find out where the hole is.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (3)

There is a moment of silence.

CARLA
This is a long-time proposition, isn't it?

GARY
One step at a time.

149 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES with Gary Sneiderman as he crosses the lobby to a line of vending machines. As he reaches into his pocket for coins, his attention is caught by:

150 HIS POV

Carla stands at the double doors, gazing into the night. CAMERA WIDENS ANGLE as Gary walks INTO SCENE.

GARY
Carla? Is anything wrong?

Carla turns to him.

CARLA
Yes -- my ride. I don't know where my friend is. She's always on time -- unless she's had car trouble.

GARY
Did you call her?

CARLA
(nods)
She's not at home.

Gary looks at his watch.

GARY
I'm on my dinner break.
(takes her arm)
Come on.

He ushers her through the double doors.

151 INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

It's an old MG, with an ENGINE that WHEEZES and GROANS.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

Outside of the hospital environment, Gary seems especially boyish. He guns the engine and speeds down the avenue.

GARY
Now is when I find out how much my patients trust me. I drive fast.

Carla, seeming more relaxed, gazes at him wonderingly.

CARLA
You're not a real doctor, are you?

GARY
What makes you say that? I'm a resident, which is a doctor. But I do have a supervisor.

CARLA
You just look young, that's all.

GARY
Well, I'm not that young.

152 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

as it turns a corner and heads swiftly down a neon-fringed street.

153 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Carla rests her head against the vinyl bolster. Gary flashes glances at her.

GARY
Are you a native Angeleno?

CARLA
Almost. Pasadena.

After a pause:

GARY
Parents living?

CARLA
No.

GARY
Must be quite a struggle -- a woman alone...with three children.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

CARLA
It's a struggle.

GARY
What about Julie and Kim's father? He's alive. Shouldn't he be asked to contribute to your support?

CARLA
(smiles tiredly)
It's not that neat and simple, Doctor. I know in your world, people all do the right thing, feel responsibilities, contribute to support. It's a different world that I come from. Oh, don't get me wrong. I got a lot out of Bob Garret. Plenty of support in other ways. Money? No. I don't expect it and I wouldn't ask it. Besides, I'm okay. I'll be fine. I'll make it all right.

GARY
I'm impressed.

CARLA
By what?

GARY
Your independence. Knowing who you are and what you want. Keeping your family together. And doing it the hard way.

Carla lowers her eyes demurely, then smiles, genuinely touched.

CARLA
I'm glad you approve of me.

154 EXT. KENTNER STREET - NIGHT

The MG turns the corner and proceeds to the end of the street.

155 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gary brings the car to a stop in front of Carla's house. He waits for her to open the door, but she doesn't stir. In the silence, Gary studies her lovely profile, silhouetted against the street light. His expression seems to mirror more than concern for simply another patient. There is a warmth in his eyes, almost a yearning, expressing needs of his own. He notices that Carla is gazing through the streaked window at her house, with dread.

GARY
Your house is not haunted, Carla. No more than your car is.

CARLA
Then why do I see and feel these things?

GARY
(softly)
I told you --

CARLA
(sudden outburst)
Yes, I know what you told me. That terrible things happened to me in my youth and now they're coming back to haunt me.
(the words spill out of her)
Well, okay, terrible things did happen to me. I didn't have a normal childhood, but how many people do? I mean, oh, God, what's happening to me?

GARY
That's what we're going to find out.

CARLA
How? With talk? Okay, I'll talk a blue streak if it'll stop these things from happening. What do you want to hear, doctor?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

CARLA (CONT'D)
As a kid, I experienced all the cliches in the book: afraid of the dark; hated my mother; scared of my father. He was a minister. He spoke with the thee and thou. I was six before I found out that all people didn't speak that way. I didn't know about the thee and thou and I also didn't know that when he used to hold me, it wasn't the way a father should hold a daughter. But I did wonder why my mother used to hate me.

I couldn't wait to get out of that house. I ran as far as I could, and when I got to New York, there was Rico waiting for me. He finished off what my parents started. It was only his death that saved me.

(misty with remembrance)
Bob Garrett...now...I thanked God for him. Not for money or a home, but because Bob gave me back to me. He made me see that life was good; that children were good; that men and women loving each other was good.

(looks at Gary)
Am I going in circles?

GARY
You're doing fine.

CARLA
I do need your help, and I won't fight you. Because I have to figure this thing out: if it's me creating all this, then I have to be stopped. But if it isn't me, we have to make a deal, you and I, to accept that fact, and find a way to stop it. Okay?

GARY
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: (3)

She opens the door to get out, but pauses, seemingly afraid of entering the house. Her eyes become wide and haunted.

CARLA
(softly -- almost to herself)
There's something there. There's really something there.

GARY
(reaches for her hand)
Tomorrow at three. Okay?

Carla sighs and steps out of the car.

GARY
Good night, Carla.

CARLA
Good night.

She shuts the car door. Gary GUNS the ENGINE and wheels the car around the cul-de-sac. CAMERA MOVES into Carla, gazing after the departing car. CAMERA MOVES slowly to the house behind her, dark, forbidding, ominous and MOVES slowly in.

156 INT. MORAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julie, Kim and Billy are sitting around the kitchen table wolfing down blueberry pancakes. The mood is a bit too consciously light and frivolous as Julie struggles to retrieve the bottle of syrup from Kim. WIDEN ANGLE to include Carla standing over the griddle, flipping pancakes.

156 CONTINUED:

CARLA
Who's ready?

They all shout: "Me!" Carla laughs and carries them to the table.

CARLA
I'll have to make some more batter.

BILLY
They're great! Hey, when do you get to sit?

Carla pours the remaining batter onto the griddle.

CARLA
I'll go get a chair.

She hurries off to the living room.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (SHOCK-CORD EFFECT)

Carla spots the kitchen chair near the TV, goes to it and is about to grasp it when suddenly she finds herself in the grip of an invisible force, which grabs her and plummets her across the room to the couch. She screams, flails her arms, but is powerless.

CARLA
-- Oh, God!! Billy -- !

158 BILLY

rushes into the living room and grabs her by the shoulders, tries to pull her back. A tug-of-war ensues in which Billy's strength is not equal to the opposing force. He braces his feet against the couch, but it's no good.

CARLA
Oh, God -- ! He's got me!
Bill -- !

159 KIM AND JULIE

stand in the doorway, clinging to each other, screaming.

160 BILLY

Tears flow from his eyes. He beats the air in front of Carla, who writhes on the couch in pain.

BILLY
Look, Mom! I'm driving him away! See? I'm driving him off!

He beats his fists in the air above Carla. She sinks to the floor, her body shivering.

BILLY
(shouts to Julie)
Yell! We'll drive him away! You too, Kim!

161 THE GIRLS

shout and wave their arms.

162 BILLY (EFFECT SHOT)

is yelling and beating his fists in the air when suddenly he is sucked into the center of the room, spun and turned about like a piece of cardboard in the wind. Something seems to batter at him and he covers his eyes with his hands, crouching over, then kneeling on the floor, trying to protect himself.

163 CARLA

released by her attacker, stares in horror at Billy's plight. She clutches her head, is about to scream when:

164 THE CANDLESTICK (EFFECT SHOT)

skitters off the shelf and, with a murderous velocity, crashes down on...

165 BILLY

He throws up his hand to ward it off, but the candlestick strikes him on the left wrist. CAMERA WHIP PANS to Carla:

CARLA
Billy!! Oh, God!!

166 BILLY

stands up, his eyes flashing in delirium, his hair distended and wild. He moves strangely, jerkily, picks up a lamp from the table and swings it back and forth in front of him.

BILLY
(sobbing)
Go away! You bully! Leave us alone! Bastard!

167 JULIE AND KIM

gazing in horror, totally caught up in the madness.

JULIE
He's gone, Billy! He's gone!

168 BILLY

groans, his motions gradually subsiding, until he ceases altogether and puts down the lamp. He puts his hand to his sweated face, then sinks to the floor. The girls rush to him, cling to him sobbing.

169 CARLA

starts to crawl over to Billy, when her attention is suddenly arrested by something horrible o.s. Her eyes widen as she stares at a revelation that is totally mindboggling, but which we do not see. Her lips silently form the words, "Oh, my God...", and aloud she calls to:

CARLA
Billy--! Billy, look!

But Billy's head is averted as he tries desperately to mollify his hysterical sisters. Carla reaches behind her and tugs on his sleeve.

CARLA
Billy, for God's sake, look!

Carla momentarily turns to Billy as he now responds to the urgency in her voice, and turns to gaze at what his mother sees. But his eyes remain vacuous and puzzled, as he sees nothing. Carla turns quickly back to discover that the vision she saw has now vanished. She shakes her head in total frustration and incomprehension.

170 thru 177 OMITTED

178 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PANS the faces of a group of doctors, sitting, listening to Carla as she speaks o.s. Present are Gary; DR. CHEVALIER, a woman in her fifties; DR. WALCOTT, in his late sixties; a youngish man named DR. WILKES; and DR. WEBER, in his fifties, director of the psychiatric wing. It is Dr. Weber who seems to be in charge of the interview, and to whom Gary directs his attention and concern. CAMERA ENDS PAN on Carla, as she finishes speaking.

CARLA (V.O.)
At first it was like smoke, a kind of vapor, but denser. It spread out in front of me like a green light, growing and expanding, and trying to form itself into a shape ...I thought I could see a neck forming, powerful, muscular, and arms...but it kept changing, as if he was teasing me, not wanting me to really see him, and only playing games...daring me to find him in the dense, green vapor...

DR. WEBER
Now, Carla. Even though he has appeared to you, is he real the way that I am real?

CARLA
When he first attacked me, I thought he was real.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

CARLA (CONT'D)
When he attacked me in the car, I thought it was unreal until he took over the steering wheel. And last night, when he started to show himself to me, I knew for sure he was real.

DR. WALCOTT
What do you think now?

CARLA
I don't know. Dr. Sneiderman explained that it was like a very powerful dream.

DR. WALCOTT
Do you believe him?

CARLA
I try to.

DR. WALCOTT
But you cannot -- why?

CARLA
Because he hurt Billy. And because of the marks on my body. They're in places where I can't do it to myself. Even in a dream.

DR. WILKES
Why does he attack you, Carla, and not someone else?

CARLA
I suppose he chose me.

DR. WILKES
Chose you? Why?

CARLA
I don't know. I suppose he finds me attractive.

Carla is blushing.

DR. CHEVALIER
Would it be a reflection on you as a woman if he left you -- if you were cured?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (2)

Carla senses that she's been trapped. Her blush of shame turns to one of anger.

CARLA
Of course not! I hate this whole thing. It's like a nightmare and I can't wake up! I just want to get rid of him --!
(looks at her watch)
Look, I'm sorry, I've got to meet someone at the airport...I must go...

She rises nervously. The men rise with her. Dr. Weber smiles and nods.

DR. WEBER
Of course, Carla. Thank you for permitting us to talk to you.

Carla nods and attempts a smile. Then with a last look at Gary, she turns and hurriedly leaves the room. There is a long spate of silence after her departure. Dr. Wilkes goes to the coffee-maker and pours himself a cup. Dr. Weber sits down and commences filling his pipe pensively. As he lights up, his eyes glance at Gary.

DR. WEBER
She's masturbating. This entire circus she's invented is to cover up what every little girl does.

GARY
But her children are feeling this thing, too.

DR. WEBER
A mass illusion. Folie a quatre.
(to the group)
Hysteria is contagious. Given the right circumstances, anyone can be made to see and feel things that are not there. Her children are simply supporting mama's delusion.

GARY
But why would she go to such lengths --?

DR. WEBER
Fear. Guilt. Find the origins of the guilt. What kind of man was her father?

GARY
A minister.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (3)

DR. WEBER
(chuckles)
Now who imposes guilt better than a minister?
(holds up the report)
Here, look at her record. This adolescent she fell in love with. A typical overgrown kid. Tried to show he's a man, which he's not. By the way, what happened to him?

GARY
Killed in a motorcycle crash. They had been arguing about sex and he left.

DR. WEBER
After which she takes up with this Garret - a man old enough to be her father. You beginning to see a pattern here?

GARY
No.

DR. WEBER
Safe sex, Gary. It's the story of her life.

GARY
She has three children.

DR. WEBER
It doesn't take sex to make babies. Not <u>real</u> sex. For thirty-four years everything goes smoothly for Carla, until this new boy friend...
(consults report)
Jerry Anderson...enters her life, and pow! She retreats into a Dionysian fantasy.
(to the others)
Precisely the kind of situation that can energize such a breakdown.

GARY
Because of Anderson?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (4)

DR. WEBER
Certainly. Mature man. He wants the real thing. No more faking with kids and old men. Faced with the real thing, Carla buckles. She goes back to her infantile reality.
(gazes at his colleagues)
You agree, Dr. Chevalier?

Dr. Chevalier nods, as do the others. She leans forward toward Gary sympathetically.

DR. CHEVALIER
You have a schizophrenic on your hands, Dr. Sneiderman.

DR. WALCOTT
Definitely.

DR. WEBER
(reluctantly)
I must agree.

GARY
She's thirty-five, Dr. Weber. That's a little old for schizophrenia.

DR. CHEVALIER
What makes you think it just started? How long have you known her?

179 and 180 OMITTED

181 CLOSE - GARY

He has no answer; looks terribly depressed.

182 and 183 OMITTED

184 INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Typical transient apartment, hardly a pad, with the barest minimum of furnishings and decor. CAMERA MOVES IN on Carla and Jerry in bed. They have finished making love and rest in each other's arms. The room is dark. After a while, Jerry reaches for his cigarette and lighter and flicks it on. The glow illuminates Carla's naked body, before she can pull the sheet over her.

JERRY
Hey, what happened? You cut yourself?

He plays the light over her body.

JERRY
There. Down there.

Carla blows out the flame.

CARLA
There was an accident. I ran the Buick against a telephone pole.

JERRY
Jesus! Why didn't you tell me?

CARLA
I didn't want to worry you.

Jerry kisses her, then lies down beside her. He wants to say something but finds it difficult.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

JERRY
I think about us, Carla. About Billy. All the time I'm gone.

CARLA
He's just young. He can't control his feelings. When you come over --

JERRY
Yeah, I know. I'm going on the road again, Carly, but this is the last time. When I come back, it's for good. I'm taking over the L.A. office. That's the surprise I've had for you. We're going to be a family, Carly, all of us.

CARLA
(clutches him to her)
Take me with you now, Jerry. Put me in your pocket and take me with you. I can't be here alone anymore.

JERRY
Honey, I can't, you know that. Don't ask that. I mean, what the hell are you asking me? Take you with me? Where? On the road?

CARLA
I'll go anywhere with you.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY
W-what about your job? Your school? What about the kids? Who's gonna take care of them?

CARLA
(in tears)
Yeah, I know, I know. It's all a pipe dream. You gotta go on the road, and I gotta go through what I'm going through...

JERRY
You know, you're not telling me everything. What the hell are you going through?

CARLA
(her voice rising)
What I'm going through is being without you! That's what I'm going through. You think it's easy for me?

JERRY
(holds her)
Carly, it'll all be good...

CARLA
Sure! When you get back. Just one more trip. That's the way it's been ever since we met. Just one more trip...

Jerry kisses her face, her neck, her breast. She pulls away from him.

CARLA
(softly)
No, no...I... I don't feel like it.

The mood is broken for both of them. Jerry moves to his own side of the bed.

JERRY
I'll take you home.

CARLA
Don't bother. Just put me in a cab.

185 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A cab pulls up to the house and Carla emerges. As the cab pulls away, Carla pauses a moment, staring at the house, before walking up the path to the front door.

186 INT. MORAN HOUSE - CENTER HALL ROOM - NIGHT

Carla unlocks the front door and enters the darkened hallway. She carefully locks the door behind her and, without turning on the lights, opens the door to the girls' bedroom and enters.

187 GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carla flicks on a dim nite-lite and checks Kim and Julie, who are sleeping soundly. She turns out the light and walks into the:

188 LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carla crosses through the dark living room, past the dining room and into the:

189 KITCHEN - NIGHT

She turns on the light and surveys a sinkful of dirty dishes. She shakes her head in annoyance, then crosses to the door of Billy's room, opens it and peers in from the threshold.

190 HER POV

Billy is sound asleep.

191 BACK TO SCENE

Carla turns back to the sink and, taking off her jacket, rolls up her sleeves and turns on the water taps.

192 CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Then, a slash of light appears as Carla opens the door and stands in silhouette on the threshold.

193 CLOSE - CARLA

She stands surveying the dark room with an expression of fear, weariness and hopelessness. It is an expression that accurately pinpoints her confusion and helplessness for all that's happened, and her dread for all that might at any moment happen. Still, she girds herself and enters the room, softly closing the door behind her.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

She goes to the bedstand and turns on the lamp. She folds down the counterpane, and fluffs the pillow. She goes to her vanity and starts to undress, taking off her blouse, skirt and bra, then putting on her nightgown. She rises and fetches her hairbrush from the vanity. CAMERA MOVES into her face as she starts to stroke, stroke, stroke her hair. Her eyes are bright, expectant, fearful, but nothing happens. She puts down the brush, and slips into bed, pulling the covers snugly up to her chin. CAMERA MOVES into her face as she remains wide-eyed, alert and quiescent. PAN TO: Clock on her night table. It reads: 11:45.

194 CLOCK FACE

Reads: 1:16. The nightlamp is out and the room is dark. CAMERA PANS to Carla. She is sleeping soundly, the covers having crept down revealing her body through the sheer nightgown.

194A PROSTHETIC MODEL

Her breast is partially exposed. As CAMERA MOVES INTO a section of flesh just beside the nipple, we SEE it tremor, as if a nerve were acting up. But then the tremor ceases, and a clear depression in the breast is seen, as if an invisible finger were toying gently with it.

194B CARLA'S FACE

In her sleep, she reacts to the pressure exerted on her breast.

194C PROSTHETIC MODEL

The breast is fully exposed now, and begins to react to an invisible hand squeezing it. The nipple starts to depress in and out under its own volition. The body is turned gently around, but not by its own energy.

194D CARLA'S FACE

contorts with pain, and a gasp escapes her lips. Without waking, she becomes mobilized in what appears to be the commencement of a sexual experience.

194E PROSTHETIC MODEL

VARIOUS ANGLES as invisible fingers press and squeeze her breasts, thighs and legs. INTERCUT WITH:

194F CARLA'S FACE

Strong spasms shake her in wave after wave of an agony or an ecstasy that won't quit. Her head twists and turns spasmodically, not in fright as much as sheer sensual pleasure. The sound of HEAVY BREATHING accompanies her own, gradually subsiding and finally ceasing, leaving her limp and breathless. She is exhausted. When Carla opens her eyes, they are filled with tears -- tears of shame and horror at having succumbed. Soon she is sobbing and shaking her head in an agony of contrition.

195 thru 206 OMITTED

207 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - NPI - DAY

Carla and Gary are seated across from each other. Carla seems totally wiped out. Gary gazes at her in some amazement at hearing her admission:

GARY
An orgasm? When?

CARLA
(softly;embarrassed)
Last night. I was asleep. He tricked me.
(eyes well with tears)
I'm so...ashamed...

GARY
(gently, with sympathy)
Carla. I want you to sign yourself into the hospital. For an observation period. I want you to be safe from another episode like last night.

CARLA
I don't want to be locked up.

GARY
You won't be locked up. It's just for a short period of time.

CARLA
I couldn't live like an animal in a cage. Besides, he'd kill me. He's stronger than you are, and he'll kill me before he lets me come to you.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

Gary is shocked at how strongly the delusion has taken hold of her. He keeps his voice low, gently humoring her.

GARY
I'll be with you, Carla.

CARLA
It's not enough. You don't understand.

GARY
Then what do you want to do? Stay home and be victimized?

CARLA
Yes. I'll stay at home. I'll go to work, continue with school. When I graduate, look for a better job. But I won't come into the hospital.

GARY
What about Jerry? How are you going to deal with him?

Carla's face clouds. Her voice is stark:

CARLA
How would I deal with him from a padded cell?

207A CLOSE - GARY

gazes at her in total confusion and helplessness. Then, his eyes narrow as a thought begins to formulate in his mind. Suddenly, in a fit of pique, he rises and strides to a bookshelf, pulls out a copy of Karl Jung's "MAN AND HIS MYTHS" and slams it down before Carla. His voice is tense with repressed anger and seems on the verge of totally losing his cool.

GARY
Here! Look at these pictures!
(flipping pages)
Bats, werewolves, dragons...

207B INSERT - BOOK

Pages flip by, depicting bat-winged demons, pointed-ear crones, dogs with the faces of children, men hanging from gallows while ravens peck at their eyes, snakes with wings, flying, and a woman dancing in the forest with a bull.

207B CONTINUED:

GARY (V.O.)
There was a time when people did believe in the supernatural. They believed in witches, demons, goblins -- And also creatures who abused people sexually.

207C BACK TO SCENE

As he flips the pages, Carla stares at the drawings, repulsed, yet fascinated.

GARY
So why did they see these things? Because they were a way of expressing something that frightened them.
(bends down to face Carla)
Let's say a man -- a man who wanted to be good -- he had a desire for a neighbor's wife. It grows and grows. He finally invents this creature. Of course, it's a picture of his own desire, which is hideous to himself. You see what I mean?

CARLA
No.

GARY
All right. Let's get back to the present. My supervisor had a case once in which a woman developed a loathing for the smell of paint. Why? Because she had found out about a case of incest in her own home. Her husband had had intercourse with their young daughter. It had happened while their house was being painted.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)
Now everything was blocked out except the memory of the paint. Do you understand, Carla?

CARLA
(laughs nervously)
I have no need of inventing monsters, Dr. Sneiderman.

GARY
Okay, let's take this visitor of yours. What do we know about him? He's strong. He shows you things you never knew about before. And who helps him? Tell me, Carla, who does he have by his side? Two small ones. Isn't that right? Two little ones and one big one.

Carla looks at him with a sudden strange force. Her voice is strident; her face flushed.

CARLA
It's obscene, Dr. Sneiderman! What you're suggesting!

GARY
I didn't suggest anything, Carla -- I merely said...

Carla stands up abruptly. Her face is twisted with fear and with rage. She shouts hoarsely:

CARLA
Obscene, Doctor Sneiderman!

GARY
(rising)
Carla -- calm down --

She backs away from him, as if he were something loathsome.

CARLA
I'll calm down! But not here!

She turns and rushes from the room. Gary gestures after her, a pleading gesture, fraught with anxiety, and with something more, an awful sense of loss, of abandonment.

208 INT. MORAN GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Billy's face reflected in the chrome metal of the hub cap.

His features are monstrously distorted, bending and curving over the chrome; twisting his face and smearing his eyes into a kind of slant. He hums along with the RADIO MUSIC as he works on the brakes. Then he is joined by the distorted images of Kim and Julie.

209 CARLA

standing to a side, watching the demented, twisted faces in the chrome. She seems to visibly shiver as her eyes remain fixed on the images in the chrome.

CARLA
It's not true --

210 BILLY

turns around and looks up at her.

BILLY
What?

He rises, wiping the grease from his massive hands and his muscular arms. Carla's gaze shifts to his naked torso, and the shining, rippling musculature, then to Kim and Julie, the two little ones flanking his sides. She cannot speak, except to mumble:

CARLA
Oh, God...

BILLY
(puzzled)
What's wrong, Mom?

Carla steps away from them, her eyes glued to Billy's huge, masculine form, as if seeing him for the first time.

211 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

George, dressed in his best outfit, paces the floor. He is upset, angry. He goes to the window, peers through it.

212 INT. TO EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - HIS POV - NIGHT

Through the slit of the curtain, Cindy and Carla are seen seated on the balcony steps, deep in conversation. Cindy, too, is dressed for the evening. A strong wind kicks up the plants and palm trees.

213 EXT. BALCONY STEPS - NIGHT

Carla is at the brink of total hysteria.

CARLA
If you'd only heard him! It was obscene!

CINDY
Well, he has to probe --

CARLA
Probe! I'm not going back! Never!

The door opens behind them and George emerges. His expression is tight, his voice clipped.

GEORGE
You ready?

CINDY
What? Oh, George -- yes, I'm ready.

George walks past them and descends the steps.

GEORGE
I'll get the car.

Cindy rises. Carla looks at Cindy gratefully.

CARLA
I hate laying all this on you.

CINDY
We'll be back in an hour. I'll get a headache. Meanwhile, you stay here. You'll be safe here.

Cindy gives her a hug and descends the steps. Carla watches after her, then enters the apartment, shutting the strong wind outside.

214 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

Carla bolts the door. She walks into the center of the living room. The clock reads: 6:05. She walks to the telephone and dials a number. When there is no answer, she dials another number.

CARLA
Hello -- Mr. Greenspan -- yes, I'm fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

CARLA (CONT'D)
Are the children there?
(her eyes cloud)
Yes, all right, put him on --

She bites her lip. For a moment, she holds the receiver away from her. Then she brings it closer again.

CARLA
(in a strange voice)
Hello, Billy -- how are you?
Are the girls all right --?

Behind her, the window curtain billows inward.

CARLA
What? Dr. Sneiderman? Did you tell him where I was?
Good. No, I don't want to talk to him now --

Suddenly, a gale force wind causes the:

215 WINDOW

to burst inward with a crash, and gusts sweep across the room, sending hanging plants swinging back and forth in a frenzied state.

216 CARLA (EFFECT SHOT)

rises in panic as the phone flies from her hand and her body thrusts backward in the rush of wind, causing her to fall into a wall of bric-a-brac, which topples upon her. Carla falls under the impact, starts to crawl away when:

217 AN END TABLE

caught in a powerful gust, skitters across the room at Carla with shotgun velocity, missing her, but SMASHING into the window across the room, shattering the glass. With a crosswind blowing furiously, furniture, drapes and furnishings become animated and join the swinging plants in a macabre and deadly dance. Carla screams.

218 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT - EVENING

The force of the windstorm seems somewhat less outside as Cindy and George, about to climb into their car, turn at the sound of SHATTERING GLASS and Carla's SCREAMING. They stare up at the apartment window in shock.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

CINDY
Carly!

They rush toward the entrance of the building.

219 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - EVENING (EFFECT SHOT)

Carla's face is livid with fear as she sees something. She picks up a lamp and flings it across the room, shorting the wiring and plunging the room in darkness. The wind gathers force.

220 EXT. NASH APARTMENT - EVENING

Cindy and George rush up the stairs. The door is locked, and her key doesn't open it. Neighbors peer out of their doors as Cindy beats on the door wildly and shouts:

CINDY
Carly! Open the door!

George pushes her aside, throws his weight against the door. Even here the wind is not as strong as inside.

221 INT. NASH LIVING ROOM - EVENING (EFFECT SHOT)

In the darkness, we can SEE a shower of household articles disintegrate into splinters and shreds, swirling about in the windstorm.

222 CARLA

is pressed into the corner of the room, staring maniacally at the maelstrom, clutching her head, screaming.

223 HER POV (EFFECT SHOT)

Coat hangers, cosmetic bottles, pillows, torn drapes whirl around the center of a veritable hurricane. A built-in wall cabinet shatters and becomes part of the raging whirlwind.

224 THE DOOR

bulges violently as George, o.s., attempts to crash through it.

225 CARLA

seeing the front door giving way, shrieks:

CARLA
Cindy! Stay away --! Stay away --!

226 THE DOOR

George's hand flounders through the ruined edge of the door, slapping around for the bolt, and finally opening it. He and Cindy can only gape in horror at the sight they see.

GEORGE
Christ --!

227 THEIR POV (EFFECT SHOT)

Carla, pressed into the corner, sobbing, while around her, in the subsiding windstorm, is furniture, pictures, dishes, clothes in a broken pile on the floor.

228 BACK TO SCENE

With a staggering dismay, George turns on the overhead light and takes a step into the shambles of his former life. Cindy rushes past him to:

229 ANGLE

Cindy gathers Carla to her, and they both sob.

CARLA
Oh, Cindy -- he wanted to kill me --

230 GEORGE

stands in the center of the wrecked living room, dumbfounded.

GEORGE
Christ! She's torn the fucking place apart!

231 CINDY AND CARLA

Sobbing, Cindy whirls on him, and in a rage shouts:

CINDY
No, George! She didn't do this! She couldn't! He did! You saw it with your own eyes! We both saw it!

232 GEORGE

stands, gazing lamely at his wife, unable to speak.

233 CARLA

trembles violently in Cindy's arms.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

There is a peculiar, dazed look on her face, yet now her eyes are wide and filled with hope.

CARLA
You saw it? You saw it?

CINDY
(nods, in tears)
It was such a terrible sight, Carly -- I would never have believed --

Carla now breaks into a soft, grateful crying. Spasms shake her shoulders, as she clings to Cindy.

CINDY
Sending you to doctors was wrong. You don't need shrinks...God knows, you don't need shrinks...

CARLA
They saw it... They saw it... They saw it...

She repeats this over and over.

234 OVERHEAD ANGLE

CAMERA SLOWLY RISES above Carla and Cindy, weeping softly, clinging to each other, and George, standing mute and incredulous, in the center of a scene of utter devastation.

235 thru 238 OMITTED

239 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

CAMERA PANS shelf of books under stacks labeled: OCCULT. Some of the titles are: The Handbook of Parapsychology, Haunted Houses and Wandering Ghosts of California, The Probability of the Impossible, Psychic Exploration, Fire From Heaven, Poltergeists, Journeys Out of the Body, Superminds, Glimpses of the Beyond, Life Without Death, Premonition: A Leap Into the Future, The Phenomenon of Astral Projection, to mention only a few. (NOTE: These books are to be found at The Bodhi Tree on Melrose, between La Cienega and Robertson. Barry Taft will provide us with more titles, and help in securing releases.)

240 CARLA AND CINDY

wander among the stacks studying the titles on the shelves. Carla's eyes are intense as her lips silently form the titles of certain volumes. Cindy pulls a book from a shelf and peruses the table of contents. Her face brightens.

CINDY
Carla, here's one on psychic defense. It tells you what to do when the attacks happen.

Carla eagerly accepts the book and leafs through it avidly. Cindy watches her for a moment, then:

CINDY
There's a section over there on psychology that might have something.

Carla nods as she remains absorbed in the book. Cindy leaves for the other side of the shop. CAMERA MOVES IN on Carla as she suddenly begins to hear two youngish VOICES coming from the other side of the stack.

KRAFT (O.S.)
The relation between the emotional state of the subject and the frequency of events was never established.

MEHAN (O.S.)
What about the cold spots, and the odor -- the smell of dead meat?

Carla's interest is suddenly piqued. They are discussing matters she's familiar with. She carefully pushes several books on the shelf aside, and peers through the gap, whereupon she sees Kraft and Mehan. Kraft, the shorter of the two, is precise, voluble and quick-acting. Mehan is taciturn, easy-going, calm. They are unaware of Carla as she eavesdrops.

KRAFT
I still don't concede the case. Cold spots and odors rarely occur at the same time that objects move randomly.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

Carla presses her face forward into the gap, dislodging a book, which brings their attention to her face.

CARLA
Excuse me. They do. And I have them both.

Kraft and Mehan gaze at her, speechless.

241 OMITTED

242 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

There is no moon. The night is still.

243 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gene Kraft and Joe Mehan are keenly examining the candlestick on the mantlepiece. Carla sits on the couch watching them.

MEHAN
How long have these attacks been going on?

CARLA
Three months, a little more.

MEHAN
You said this candlestick just flew off the mantlepiece and hit your son?

CARLA
Yes. It almost broke his arm.

KRAFT
Where are your children now, Mrs. Moran?

CARLA
With my friend, Cindy. They stay there whenever possible. It's dangerous for them here -- especially at night.

244 CAMERA MOVES IN ON CARLA

Suddenly, her nostrils flare, as an odor assails her. She speaks in a whisper.

CARLA
Do you smell it?

245 CLOSE - KRAFT AND MEHAN

They freeze. Kraft's face wrinkles in disgust.

KRAFT
My God...it's awful.

246 WIDER ANGLE (EFFECT SHOT)

There is silence everywhere in the house, as they remain immobilized. Then, a LOW METALLIC GROWL sounds from beneath the house, growing and growing until the house itself is shivering and shaking. A picture falls from the wall, the glass smashing. Kraft and Mehan gaze about wide-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

CARLA
(simply)
He's angry. He hates your being here.

247 BOOKSHELF (EFFECT SHOT)

A large volume dislodges itself from the shelf and flies across the room toward Carla. CAMERA WHIP PAN to see it miss her by inches. Her face becomes white as alabaster. The shaking diminishes gradually and finally ceases altogether. It is deathly still again.

CARLA
(softly)
See? I wasn't lying.

KRAFT
(swallows)
Does this happen often?

CARLA
All the time.

KRAFT
(to Mehan)
Get the equipment.

Mehan nods, but it is a moment before he can bring himself to move.

248 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

It is several hours later. A wind has come up and whips furiously about the yard and driveway, stirring up dead leaves.

249 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shades are drawn and the room is pitch black, but the atmosphere is alive with sound, as the WIND beats against the shingles and RATTLES the WINDOWPANES. CAMERA MOVES from the clock on the night table, which reads 5:05, to Carla, stretched out on the bed fully dressed, asleep. CAMERA PANS to the other side of the room where Kraft and Mehan sit at their cameras, waiting. They are very tired.

250 THE WINDOW

The breeze coming through the window cracks causes the curtain to billow inward.

251 KRAFT

His eyes slowly close. CAMERA PANS to Mehan, who has already lost the battle and is sound asleep.

252 CARLA

sleeping, somewhat restlessly. Her face twitches slightly as if she were caught in a nightmare.

253 FULL SHOT

They are all asleep and the silence is total. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY toward the bedroom door, which is open, and pauses. The sound of BREATHING is heard.

254 MEHAN

in his sleep, feels a chill, and reaches out as if for a blanket which is not there.

The sound of BREATHING becomes more strident.

255 ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT

The needle quivers.

256 KRAFT

head slumped forward on his chest, asleep. The sound of breathing suddenly stops.

257 MEHAN

awakens suddenly, his eyes wide and staring in horror at:

258 THE CLOSET DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

A crack of static electricity shoots out from the door with the sharp sound of a RIFLE SHOT, and buries itself above Carla's bed.

259 KRAFT

already awake, has risen to his feet in alarm.

260 CARLA

wide awake, rises from the bed.

KRAFT
Are you all right, Mrs. Moran?

CARLA
I'm all right.

261 THE CLOSET DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

A sparkle slowly comes from the closet, bright specks that coalesce and burst with a loud EXPLOSION.

262 KRAFT AND MEHAN

fire away at it with their cameras.

CARLA
He's mad, all right.

KRAFT
(excited)
Did you get it, Joe?

MEHAN
I think so. My God, what a stench!

263 CARLA

rises from the bed, staring at the door in fear and wonder. Then her eyes widen and her mouth drops open.

CARLA
(a whisper)
He's here!

Kraft and Mehan strain their eyes to see what she sees.

264 THEIR POV

There is nothing to be seen at the door or above it. Carla's voice rises in hysteria.

CARLA (O.S.)
He's here! He's with us!

265 BACK TO SCENE

Carla shrinks away to the wall, her hands out in front of her. Kraft and Mehan fire their cameras.

CARLA
But he's weak! He doesn't have the power to make it all the way.
(her eyes brightening)
He's scared! That's it, he's scared of you! He's scared of your instruments!
(she laughs weirdly)
He can't make it! I don't believe it! Die, you bastard!

266 THE CLOSET DOOR (EFFECT SHOT)

Static electricity shoots out from the door and buries itself in the wall above their heads. Kraft and Mehan duck.

KRAFT
Jesus Christ! Joe, are you all right?

MEHAN
I'm all right. Maybe we should get Mrs. Moran out of here!

CARLA
(laughs wildly)
He can't hurt me! Not now! Not with you here!

267 THE VANITY (EFFECT SHOT)

A glass butterfly glows and rises from the vanity, disintegrates. Carla claps her hands and yells, tauntingly:

CARLA
Oh, c'mon! You can do better than that.

268 THE CURTAINS (EFFECT SHOT)

billow inward, waver, separate, and tear loose from the rods. The gaily-colored material floats over Carla like an enormous canopy.

Carla laughs and reaches up for the material, pulling it down over her, wrapping herself in it, in a wild display of sheer contempt.

CARLA
You're dead! You're dead!

269 THE ROOM

Morning light seeps through the window as Carla circles round and round in the material, laughing, dancing, crying...

CARLA
Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!

270 KRAFT AND MEHAN

watch her, stunned, from a corner of the room as she flings open the windows and, as the morning breeze dampens her hair, shouts out into dawn of a new day:

270 CONTINUED:

CARLA
Oh, dear God! What a beautiful morning!

271 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAWN

CAMERA PULLING BACK from Carla's face as the wind whips her hair and batters at her joyous face.

CARLA
Thank you, God! Thank you! Thank you!

272 EXT. CLINIC - DAY

CAMERA PANS from the sign reading: NEURO-PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - WALK-IN CLINIC, to a SHOT of a distant building on the university grounds, and MOVES in on a window.

273 INT. PARAPSYCHOLOGY LAB - DAY

DR. ELIZABETH COOLEY, a handsome woman in her fifties, carefully extracts a photograph from the hypo tray and, rinsing it briefly, hangs it on a wire holder.

Kraft and Mehan are close beside her as she adds the photograph to an array of others and studies them. The first shows a blue-green wave arching across a black void. The next photograph shows a cloudlike formation, from which long streamers shoot out and trail away. Other pictures show luminescent auras surrounding a pebbly surface, which is the wall above Carla's bedroom closet. Dr. Cooley's tone is cautious:

DR. COOLEY
They're fascinating, of course, but Uri Geller and Ted Serrios can also project psychic images on film.

KRAFT
She saw him, Dr. Cooley!

DR. COOLEY
But you didn't. Nor did Joe. Nor did your cameras. The finest lenses, the fastest film couldn't even catch a wisp of him. Isn't it possible she's hallucinating?

Kraft has just finished developing another photograph. He whisks it out of the hypo and with a flourish:

273 CONTINUED:

KRAFT
One of them caught this.

Dr. Cooley studies the photograph, seems impressed, and yet:

DR. COOLEY
I don't know. It takes a long time before you get anything reliable. You have to rule out a thousand alternatives.

MEHAN
What about the smell?

KRAFT
Like a dead cat.

DR. COOLEY
That's probably what it was.

MEHAN
Impossible. It gets stronger at night, weaker by day.

DR. COOLEY
It's probably near the house. The breeze changes direction at night, west to east. I don't know what you think you've discovered, but you're playing with fire. I suggest you start in the traditional world and move outward. Otherwise you'll be strung up by the thumbs, scientifically speaking.
(she studies the photograph)
You say she was seeing a psychiatrist?

KRAFT
That's right.

DR. COOLEY
I'd like to know what the diagnosis was.

MEHAN
That's no problem. She was a patient here.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. COOLEY
(reacts)
You mean the university clinic? Was she formally released?

MEHAN
I'm not certain.

DR. COOLEY
Find out what her status is!

KRAFT
You're worried?

DR. COOLEY
Yes, I'm worried. We're one of the last parapsychology departments in any major university on this continent. People resent what we're doing. That's why I bury myself in ESP studies -- because they don't make waves. By the way, when are you going back to her house?

KRAFT
We'll be there all day. And tonight. Why?

DR. COOLEY
(shrugs)
I might drop by later.

274 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - DAY

Cars are parked on the street and driveway of the Moran house. Billy is seen inside the garage, working on the Buick.

Gary Sneiderman's MG pulls up across the street from the house. He slowly gets out and stands for a moment, observing the number of cars parked in front and the constant stream of students entering and exiting with equipment. He then sees Billy standing in front of the garage, wiping his greasy hands on a cloth. Gary walks toward Billy.

275 BILLY

looks up at Gary warily. Gary smiles pleasantly, though he's nervous.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

GARY
Hi. You must be Billy. Your mother inside?

Billy vaguely nods his head.

276 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carla emerges from the bedroom, and sees Gary through the screen door. She comes to a stop on the threshold of the living room. Gary peers through the screening.

GARY
Hello, Carla. Can I come in?

CARLA
-- Yes, of course.

Carla walks to the screen door and opens it. They stand facing each other. Carla seems flustered, not knowing what to say. Gary is similarly tongue-tied.

GARY
You look very good.

CARLA
I've never felt better, Dr. Sneiderman.

Kraft enters from the bedroom toting a camera case.

CARLA
I'd like you to meet a colleague of yours. Dr. Kraft is from your university.

Kraft puts down the gear and, smiling, extends his hand.

KRAFT
I'm in the psychology department ...Dr. Cooley's lab.

Gary frowns, glances at the tripod and camera.

GARY
What are you photographing?

KRAFT
We're taking infrared photographs of the bedroom at night.

GARY
What for?

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

KRAFT
Well, nothing's defined to the point that I'd like, but we did get some highly interesting light formations and several spark constellations that could have been caused by the entity.

Gary reacts sharply. He looks at Kraft.

GARY
-- The entity --?

KRAFT
(nonplussed)
Why, yes -- of course --

Carla laughs.

CARLA
This is Dr. Sneiderman. I should have told you that. I used to visit him.

Kraft looks uncertainly at Gary.

GARY
I'm a resident in the school of psychiatry.

A wave of hostility emanates from Kraft. He immediately clams up and stalks off with his equipment.

CARLA
Would you like some coffee, Doctor?

He turns to face her -- fighting his anger.

GARY
Thank you.

277 EXT. MORAN BACKYARD - DAY

Carla and Gary are on the back porch, sipping coffee. Carla sits on the wooden railing, not looking at him.

GARY
Why aren't you coming back, Carla? Why won't you talk to me on the telephone?

CARLA
I have no reason to.

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

GARY
Don't you think I care about -- what happens to you...?

CARLA
I try not to think anymore, Doctor. All I'm interested in are results. As long as they're here, there are no attacks.

GARY
What happens when they leave?

CARLA
In time, they'll get rid of him altogether. They've been able to prove --

Gary makes a face.

GARY
Prove? Do you remember that book I showed you? Bats and dragons? That's what they're looking for in there. Fantasies. Can't you see, they're just using you.

Carla's face becomes taut as she turns to face Gary directly.

CARLA
You're all using me. They're using me to find ghosts. You were using me to get higher grades on your report card. Meanwhile, nobody really gives a damn about what I'm going through! Nobody except me!

GARY
That's not true --

CARLA
At least with them here, I'm finding some peace. With you, every time you discovered something new about me, something worse happened. How much longer was that going to go on?

GARY
Carla --

277 CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA
I got sick of hearing you say it would all go away when we get down to the basic problem. As though it was in me!

GARY
(explodes)
Well, goddammit! It is!

Carla seems to shrink from him. Her face becomes bland with contempt. Her voice is soft, but her words are final.

CARLA
I think you'd better go.

Gary stands there, wanting to grab hold of her, shake her, make her listen, but all he does finally is shake his head and sigh, and leave.

278 EXT. MORAN GARAGE - DAY

Billy's head is in the engine when a shadow falls across his work light. He looks up to Gary.

GARY
Can I talk to you, Billy?

Billy eyes him suspiciously, but nods.

GARY
This thing that hurts your mother. She told me you saw it.

BILLY
Naw -- I felt him.

GARY
Could it be that you were trying to help her? By pretending?

BILLY
(defensively)
The whole house shook. He threw a candlestick at me.

GARY
There are a number of natural causes that could have made those things happen. A small earthquake. A jet taking off --?

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED:

BILLY
I don't know. The whole night was weird.

GARY
Will you help me, Billy?

BILLY
How?

GARY
Don't pretend next time. When your mother thinks she sees something or hears something, she wants you to corroborate it. And when you do, it becomes that much more difficult to convince her that it's all in her head. That it's a delusion? Understand?

Billy nods. Gary hands him his card.

GARY
In case you should ever need me, Billy. It's my private number.

Billy takes the card gingerly so as not to smear it with grease, and watches Gary cross the street to his car.

BILLY
(almost loud enough for Gary to hear)
I wasn't pretending.

279 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

It is between classes and the lovely, tree-lined walks are filled with strolling students. Among their number is Dr. Weber, walking alone, dead pipe in mouth, puffing away. Behind him, Gary Sneiderman jogs through the crowd, hurrying to catch up to Dr. Weber. They stroll together side by side, Weber acknowledging him with a brief nod, but neither speaking, until it spills out of Gary like a dam breaking.

GARY
You want to know why she isn't coming back? She's fallen into the hands of some charlatans who are feeding her delusions! They're watching her visitations!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

GARY (CONT'D)
They've got the house wired to look for poltergeists and entities and, Jesus Christ, Dr. Weber -- she's bought it! She refuses to see me!

DR. WEBER
What charlatans, Gary?

GARY
They say they're from the university!

DR. WEBER
From our university?

GARY
Psychology, they said. Dr. Cooley.

DR. WEBER
(grins broadly)
Elizabeth Cooley. Bless her heart. So she's behind this. That's not psychology, Gary. That's parapsychology. Fly-by-night psychology.

GARY
So how do we get rid of them?

DR. WEBER
They aren't snake-oil peddlers, Gary. These are academic brethren.

GARY
They're dangerous! They're confirming her delusion! When they get through with her, she'll really be out of her mind -- or worse!

Dr. Weber tries to light the pipe with little success.

DR. WEBER
There's nothing you can do. Not legally. Not medically. It's her life, her house, her delusion. Until she crosses the line of legal sanity, nobody can touch her.

Gary's anger seems to grow as they walk. Dr. Weber casts an anxious glance at him.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. WEBER
I don't want any grandstand plays out of you, Gary.

GARY
I have a responsibility.

DR. WEBER
Your responsibility is to treat your patients within the rules of the university. Is that clear?

GARY
(barks)
Very clear!

Gary picks up his pace, outdistancing Dr. Weber, who slows down and gazes after his young resident with concern.

280 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

disclosing a large number of cars and several trucks parked on the street and in the driveway. It is strangely silent and still.

281 EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES IN toward the window of Carla's bedroom. Though it is closed and the shades are drawn, we HEAR Carla's VOICE, strong and strident.

282 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (EFFECT SHOT)

In the pitch blackness, Carla's face is feverish, wild, as she loudly beckons to the entity. CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING a room packed with students. All are poised behind cameras and electronic gear, breathlessly waiting. Kraft and Mehan stand behind Dr. Cooley, who is sitting close to Carla, studying her.

CARLA
Come on and show yourself, you coward! Now that I've got my forces here with me, let's see how brave you are!

Suddenly, a series of comet-like lights begins flitting about above their heads. There is a collective gasp, and the cameras fire away.

283 TV SCOPE (EFFECT SHOT)

Carla seen THROUGH THE SCOPE of a night vision TV camera. Everything appears brightly lit.

(CONTINUED)

283 CONTINUED:

CARLA
(wild, hysterical)
Is that all you've got the guts to do? A couple of itty-bitty lights? Why, you're nothing but a coward, that's what you are! Show yourself! Let us all see what you're made of --!

284 BEDROOM (EFFECT SHOT)

A shower of sparks bursts over their heads. The students duck away from the display, murmuring in amazement.

285 DR. COOLEY (EFFECT SHOT)

watches intensely, her eyes bright with suspicion.

CARLA (O.S.)
Oh, come on! We don't want your fireworks, we want you! Show yourself, damn you!

The lights come fast, hard, and are so intense now that they reflect off Dr. Cooley's stunned yet cautious face.

DR. COOLEY
If you have intelligence, can you give us a sign.

The lights vanish.

DR. COOLEY
Are you dead?

There is darkness.

DR. COOLEY
Are you trapped in this environment?

Darkness -- no response.

DR. COOLEY
Will you appear to us now?

No response.

CARLA
(in tears; shouts)
You won't appear because you're a devil from hell, afraid to show yourself! You wait till I'm alone! Then you come forth to hurt me! To hurt my children...

286 WIDER ANGLE

Dr. Cooley rises. In a commanding voice, she shouts:

DR. COOLEY
Show yourself! Show yourself!

Suddenly, her face begins to reflect a greenish glow.

287 THE FAR WALL (EFFECT SHOT)

Against the dark background, wisps of greenish smoke begin gathering and coalescing into abstract shapes and forms. The light level is so low as to seem questionable.

288 CLOSE SHOTS

Reactions around the room: Kraft, Mehan, Carla, Dr. Cooley, students, staring petrified at the coagulating mass of gaseous green.

289 THE MASS (EFFECT SHOT)

continues playing its games, presenting teasing aspects of what seems to be a human form, but never quite making it. Then, suddenly, it EXPLODES -- a bright burst of incandescent light, showering sparks throughout the room. Screams, shouts from all. Then a long moment of silence.

KRAFT
Somebody, turn on the lights! Open the window and get some air in here.

290 WIDE ANGLE

The windows and doors are opened, and when the lights are switched on, we SEE the blank, ashen faces of the witnesses. For a long time, no one speaks. Dr. Cooley seems lost in the depths of her own thoughts, as she watches Carla, being ministered by several girls, who bring her water. Then, Dr. Cooley turns and slowly leaves the room, with Kraft, Mehan and a group of other students.

291 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM

Emerging from the bedroom, Dr. Cooley continues to muse over the startling phenomenon she has just witnessed.

KRAFT
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY
I don't know -- I've never seen anything like it. It could be a psychic projection. The unconscious, under emotional pressure, can become a violent generator of dreams, hallucinations, delusions, and also psychic entities.

KRAFT
(somewhat downcast)
Then you don't think it's independent of Mrs. Moran?

DR. COOLEY
I didn't say that. It's possible it is. I've always believed that there are several planes of existence, distinct and separate, and only one which we, as human beings, inhabit.

MEHAN
(quietly)
An external intelligence. A discarnate entity -- How do we get at him?

KRAFT
We have to isolate it. Draw it in somehow. Find a way to bring it into a controlled situation.

DR. COOLEY
(her enthusiasm building)
You need more controls than you have in this house. You need to control the environment, the entire electro-magnetic spectrum. You're talking about hundreds of thousands of dollars!

KRAFT
(smiles)
Are we talking about it, or are you?

DR. COOLEY
(smiles)
Maybe I am.

(MORE)

291 CONTINUED: (2)

DR. COOLEY (CONT'D)
(considers)
There is the Roger Banham Foundation grant. It could be shifted to this project.

Kraft and Mehan stare at her, their eyes shining.

292 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi is parked in the center of the street and Jerry Anderson is paying the driver.

293 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Students are spilling out of the bedroom, carrying equipment, their faces alive with excitement, AD LIBBING comments.

Carla emerges in the flow of students -- tired, fearful, but inwardly elated. As she steps across the threshold, she stops suddenly and gazes in shock at:

294 HER POV

Through a mass of bodies is Jerry, gazing at her, perplexed.

295 BACK TO SCENE

Carla's recovery is instantaneous. Putting on a warm smile, she presses through the mob to Jerry.

CARLA
Jerry -- !

He holds her momentarily, then raises her face gently by the chin and looks into her eyes.

JERRY
What gives?

CARLA
Why didn't you call?

JERRY
I did. Every time I got a different voice on the line. What's going on?

CARLA
-- Oh -- These are some people from the university.

(CONTINUED)

295 CONTINUED:

JERRY
The university -- ?

CARLA
Come. Take me somewhere quiet. I'll tell you all about it.

JERRY
(a beat)
Sure.

296 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DUSK

The moonlight casts a golden glow on Carla and Jerry as they stroll down the deserted end of the pier. Jerry's face is troubled as he tries to understand what Carla is telling him.

JERRY
Sick? What kind of sick?

CARLA
Things have come to me. In the night.

JERRY
Nightmares, you mean?

CARLA
Like nightmares. The people you saw in the house are doctors -- psychologists -- they have a theory that something in the house keeps me from sleeping. They're trying to help me.

JERRY
Some of them looked pretty young to be doctors.

CARLA
They're from the university.

Jerry seems to be wrestling with all kinds of thoughts. He pauses at the railing, gazes down into the inky water.

CARLA
You're not mad, are you?

(CONTINUED)

296 CONTINUED:

JERRY
(his temper on a short fuse)
It's not a question of mad -- okay, yeah! Since you ask! I mean, who brings a university full of kids into their house because they can't sleep? You can't sleep, you take a pill! You go see a regular doctor!

CARLA
I wasn't giving a party, Jerry.

JERRY
All I'm asking for is a simple explanation. I still don't know what's bugging you. I mean, don't treat me like a jerk. I'm not a jerk, Carly. Can't you trust me? What's happening?

CARLA
I can't tell you...yet. Because I don't know the difference between what is happening and what I think may be happening. The only thing I know clearly is it started when you left. I don't say that with any blame or accusation, but that's when it started.

Jerry grabs her arms and roughly turns her to him.

JERRY
(emphatically)
When what started?! What, Carly!!?

CARLA
(tearful out-burst)
I was attacked! Oh, God, Jerry, I was attacked, beaten --!

JERRY
(strongly)
By who? Who, Carla? Who attacked you?

(CONTINUED)

296 CONTINUED: (2)

CARLA
Nobody -- I mean -- nobody I could see. -- It was like a... horrible dream. I can't explain it...every time I try to it sounds...crazy --

Jerry calms down visibly, even smiles with relief, and gathers her to him in a warm embrace.

JERRY
God, Carly, for a second you had me worried. I thought that somebody <u>really</u> attacked you.
(gazes at her)
Look, honey, I am with you now, and I will guarantee you that these dreams or nightmares, or whatever the hell they are, will never bother you again. Because I'm here to stay this time. No more trips. No more one night stands. It's forever, Carly, starting tonight.

They kiss warmly.

JERRY
C'mon, let's go home.

CARLA
(pulls back)
-- Jerry -- Can't we go to your place?

JERRY
(gentle, but insistent)
Uh-uh. Remember, I am with you. And as long as I am nothing bad is going to happen. Do you believe that?

After a tense moment, Carla smiles wanly and nods her head. They walk off arm in arm.

297 INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy is in bed, awake. His face mirrors all the anguish he is feeling as he listens to the sound of SOFT VOICES o.s.

298 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carla and Jerry are sitting in the darkness on the couch. She holds in front of her a lovely silk nightgown.

CARLA
It's beautiful.

Carla bends to him. They kiss.

JERRY
Go put it on.

CARLA
All right.

Reluctantly, Carla goes to the bedroom. Jerry rises and takes off his jacket, dropping it on the couch. He loosens his tie, then takes out a cigarette and lights it. For a moment, he stands there smoking; then, walking gingerly in the darkness, he goes to the window and looks out at the night street. His eye is attracted to a gauge fixed to the windowsill -- one of Kraft's instruments. He studies it, slightly mystified.

A sound, like a soft MOAN, comes from the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED:

Jerry turns, a puzzled look on his face.

The sound is repeated: a kind of extended MOAN, like a child making fun.

Jerry's face relaxes, and he smiles.

Another MOAN.

JERRY
(gently chiding)
Carla, Carla --

He walks toward the bedroom, feeling his way in the darkness.

She MOANS again.

Jerry growls back, a mock tiger's growl. He laughs, stumbling, trying to find his way through the hallway. He bursts out laughing as he accidentally sticks his hand into the linen closet and finds a mess of wires in a tangle.

She MOANS again, and this time it does not sound funny.

Jerry goes to the door and tries the knob. The door is stuck.

JERRY
(whispering)
Carla?

She MOANS a long, soft despairing moan.

Jerry leans against the door. It doesn't move. He pushes.

JERRY
Carla!!

Jerry bashes the door open. It BANGS against the wall and bounces back, hitting him on the arm. He enters the dark bedroom, sees:

299 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - CARLA

on the bed, in the nightgown, dimly perceived in the darkness -- her body is arched, and her hips slowly undulate, as she moans: "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

300 JERRY

rubs his eyes in disbelief.

301 CARLA

bucks and heaves in the grip of some overwhelming assault and suddenly gasping:

CARLA
Oh! Oh! Oh!

302 JERRY

backs away, a sickened expression on his face, watching:

303 CARLA

gasping for air -- the bed dipping under her weight, the SPRINGS SQUEALING rhythmically.

CARLA
Oh! Oh, God!

304 JERRY

can only stare and stare in the semi-dark room.

JERRY
(stammers)
Ca-Carla -- what is it -- ?
Are you sick?

305 CLOSE - CARLA'S FACE (PROFILE)

Her eyes are half closed, her breathing labored, her moans becoming more staccato.

306 JERRY

He rushes forward to help her, when suddenly --

307 ANGLE (SHOCK-CORD EFFECT)

-- He is flung from the bed and across the room, smashing into the dresser with a bone-breaking THUD. Dazed, he stares crazily, fearfully across at:

308 LOW ANGLE - CARLA

writhing, moaning, groaning.

309 JERRY

shakes his head insanely, not trusting what he is perceiving, listening in terror to the SQUEALING BED SPRINGS and the MOANS and CRIES of Carla.

CARLA (O.S.)
Oh, Jesus! Jesus! Oh!

310 JERRY

rising slowly to his feet. He is a man demented, for whom reality has ceased to exist. He is trembling, sobbing:

JERRY
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

He reaches blindly in the dark, finds a spindly wooden chair, and raises it high above his head. As he brings it down upon Carla:

311 BILLY AT THE DOOR

hurtles toward him, shouting:

BILLY
You bastard! You dirty bastard!

Billy's weight hits him full on and they go down together.

312 and 313 OMITTED

314 CARLA

takes in the nightmarish sight of them fighting and her moans escalate into cries and finally into screams.

EFFECT DISSOLVE TO:

315 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jerry is sitting on a bench, hunkered over in anguish. His face bears the marks of his struggle with Billy. Apart from him, sitting in the far corner, are Billy, Kim and Julie, casting tense and angry glances toward Jerry. The children have hurriedly dressed, and their clothes seem randomly matched. There is a long spate of silence. Then Gary enters the waiting room and proceeds to the children.

GARY
It's okay now. You can go in and see your mother.

They rise and hurry out of the room. Gary turns to Jerry and slowly approaches him. Jerry can hardly face Gary and keeps staring at the floor.

GARY
(softly)
She's going to be all right, Jerry. It was a glancing blow.

JERRY
(weeps)
Thank God, thank God --

GARY
She'd like to see you.

Jerry shakes his head in anguish.

JERRY
No way, Doctor, I can't be around her, can't handle what's going on there!
(guilt-ridden)
I mean... I loved her -- I wanted to marry her... I could have taken anything, a disease, cancer, anything! But not what she's got living with her!

GARY
(pressing on)
There was nobody there, Jerry. Get that straight in your head. Nobody!

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED:

JERRY
(loudly, strongly)
There was! There was! I couldn't see him with my eyes, but there was somebody there! I see this...like something is pressing her...it's pushing her ...and I can see her breasts, they're being touched. I mean ...her breasts...they're being squeezed by fingers...only I can't see the fingers. I see her body, like...uh...it's jumping, as if he's on her, pumping away...and all the while, she's moaning, while she's holding someone...or something.
(looks at Gary starkly, forcefully)
There was somebody with her, Doctor! Believe me, there was somebody there!!

316 CLOSE - GARY

The force and sincerity behind Jerry's words penetrate through to Gary, and a look of total bewilderment suffuses his face.

317 INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Again, Gary is pacing like an angry tiger, as Dr. Weber watches him.

GARY
She -- she was almost killed!
Now what are you going to do?

DR. WEBER
Stay out of it, Gary.

GARY
(rises, strongly)
I'm not going to stay out of it!
I want those two guys banished
from her life!

DR. WEBER
I don't see what the hell we can do.

GARY
Get through to the dean. Make
him pull those creeps back.

Dr. Weber's face stiffens. He doesn't like being pushed.

DR. WEBER
All this for the Moran woman?

GARY
Somebody has to look after her.

Dr. Weber studies Gary closely. For the first time, he sees how deeply involved with Carla he is.

DR. WEBER
(gently)
Let her go, Gary! You have no
choice. Professionally -- and
personally.

Gary looks at Dr. Weber, presenting a face that expresses the extent of his emotional dilemma.

GARY
I can't let her go!

DR. WEBER
(sternly)
What do you mean, you can't!?

(CONTINUED)

317 CONTINUED:

GARY
(exploding)
I don't know what I mean! Every time I try to analyze my feelings, it comes out weird, crazy -- I'm as crazy as she is.
(shakes his head in dismay)
I mean -- what the hell am I doing in the middle of her nightmare?
(his voice breaking)
It's a goddamn cliche, isn't it, Dr. Weber?

DR. WEBER
(feeling deeply for Gary's plight)
It happens, Gary. More often to patients. But sometimes to doctors.

Dr. Weber goes to him and places a gentle hand on his arm. Weber's eyes are filled with a profound sadness.

DR. WEBER
I'll go to the dean.

318 INT. UNIVERSITY FACULTY DINING ROOM - DAY

DEAN OSBORNE, a man in his sixties, is wending his way down the cafeteria-style line, selecting a dietetic luncheon, and feeling terribly badgered, as Dr. Weber pursues him down the line, filling his ear.

DR. WEBER
You know what they're after, Frank? They're after a psychic entity. That's a ghost, Frank! A ghost! Doesn't this whole thing smell to you?

OSBORNE
A lot of things smell to me. I can't close them all down. You know what they're doing in fine arts building? Growing mold on an acre of bread! Is that art, Henry? You know what the theatre department tried last semester? They were fucking on stage. That's right. Fucking! Hell, if I'd known you could have gotten credit for that --

318 CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER
Frank, what these birds are doing is dangerous! How can you go about photographing psychic entities in a house where there's a psychotic person? You're going to fixate her permanently!

OSBORNE
It's her legal and medical right to speak with anyone she wants. The university has no jurisdiction over people's lives. Besides, the experiment will be conducted under strict medical supervision.

DR. WEBER
(taken aback)
-- Experiment? What experiment?

OSBORNE
Dr. Cooley submitted a project design that will take place under university auspices -- within the confines of the medical institute -- and with a qualified doctor in attendance. That way, this woman can be tested for psi powers, or 'entities' or whatever, and at the same time her physical and mental safety will be assured.

Dr. Weber is flabbergasted.

DR. WEBER
-- You mean -- the university is actually going to fund this bullshit?

OSBORNE
No, Henry! Dr. Cooley is funding the project from her own special grant -- and she will be charged for every last paper clip, believe me.

(CONTINUED)

318 CONTINUED: (2)

Dr. Weber can only stand there, shaking his head.

DR. WEBER
(softly)
Christ.

319 INT. PHYSICS LABORATORY - SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - DAY

Carla, dressed in a robe, is sitting up in bed, reading a magazine and munching an apple. She seems to be in her own bedroom, containing bed, night table, dresser, chairs, lamps, etc.

CAMERA starts a slow MOVE UPWARD, gradually revealing the structure of the room, and adjoining kitchenette, closets, and bathroom. As CAMERA continues to RISE, we realize that we are looking down upon a set that duplicates her own home.

CAMERA continues to MOVE UPWARD into an area of darkness, which further creates the impression that we are looking down upon Carla as if she were isolated under a giant microscope.

As CAMERA RISES further, we pass a catwalk encircling the center of the huge laboratory, and SEE video cameras and various surveillance equipment attached to the railings of the catwalk, monitoring the activity below.

From the top of scene we HEAR:

DR. COOLEY (O.S.)
We believe that the observed evidence in the Moran house gives every indication that we are dealing with a discarnate intelligence -- a psychic being that exhibits a rudimentary personality. We've isolated our subject within a simulated environment where she spends her days and nights. Surveillance equipment has been automated for continuous monitoring. We're now seeking to provide first hand physical evidence of this entity, that is, having an objective existence in the physical world, if only for a moment.

BROWNE (O.S.)
Well, she seems comfortable. Is that her own bed?

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

DR. COOLEY (O.S.)
They're all her own furnishings, transported from her house. All the rest is simulated -- walls, floors, even the lighting is programmed to duplicate day and night. We've discovered that most subjects perform better in these experiments if they're totally relaxed.

CAMERA has RISEN to the level of the catwalk, twenty feet above the rooms. Now we SEE Dr. Cooley, Kraft, and Mehan poised on either side of WOODROW BROWNE, an elderly man. They are leaning over the parapet gazing downward into the simulated environment.

319 CONTINUED: (2)

BROWNE
-- If -- this entity -- should exist, where does he come from?

DR. COOLEY
Where do the stars come from? Where does life come from? Sooner or later, the problem of origin ends in mystery.

BROWNE
But why does he come for her?

DR. COOLEY
(considers)
Why or how -- that's what we hope to get out of the next few days.

A small cynical smile flicks at the corner of Browne's lips.

BROWNE
Can I see the patient?

DR. COOLEY
(a steely edge in her voice)
Certainly. But before you do, Woody, I want you to know that you're the only newsman I've allowed in on this experiment. I did it for two reasons. No matter what we get, I don't want it kept in a closet. Also, I trust your paper's objectivity and fairness. Okay?

BROWNE
(soberly)
Okay.

320 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - DAY

A burly STUDENT sits at a desk in front of the door marked: PSYCHOLOGY SCIENCES LAB. #4 - KEEP OUT. Gary Sneiderman stands before the desk watching the student run down a list of names on a sheet. Gary is tense, tired, his eyes red from lack of sleep, his temper on a short fuse.

STUDENT
Sorry, Sneiderman. Authorized personnel only.

320 CONTINUED:

GARY
You go tell Dr. Cooley that the medical school is not prohibited from making on-the-spot checks!

Confused, the Student rises and goes to check. After he's left, Gary waits a brief moment, then quickly goes to the door and opens it. He peers through a slit, then enters.

321 INT. SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - DAY

It is quite dark along the outer walls of the simulated house. Gary steals along the perimeter, keeping to the shadows, his eyes roving about the cavernous chamber. He sees, above:

322 HIS POV

The catwalk, bristling with camera gear. CAMERA ZOOMS into a number of tanks labelled: LIQUID HELIUM - DANGEROUS.

323 BACK TO SCENE

Gary's face expresses deep concern. He strides to the large door that opens into Carla's "house." He tries the large handle, but it's locked. At that moment, the handle turns and the door opens heavily. Gary jumps back into a shadowy area just as Dr. Cooley and Browne exit. Carla stands on the threshold.

BROWNE
Thank you, Mrs. Moran.

CARLA
Goodbye, Mr. Browne.

Carla stands at the door watching them find their way through the dark chamber. Gary steps out of the shadow.

GARY
Carla.

Carla turns, startled. As her eyes adjust to the darkness:

CARLA
Hello, Dr. Sneiderman.

Gary walks slowly to her. Carla glances behind her, somewhat nervously, at a loss at what to say.

(CONTINUED)

323 CONTINUED:

CARLA
They've made a natural environment. For him. So he'll come here.

GARY
You believe them?

CARLA
Yes.

GARY
They're dangerous frauds, Carla. And you're their guinea pig.

Carla says nothing.

GARY
Those tanks of liquid helium up there. What are they for?

CARLA
I don't know.

GARY
That stuff's lethal, Carla.

CARLA
Okay.

GARY
What do you mean, 'okay'?

CARLA
I mean I'd rather be dead than living the way I've been living! Can't you understand that?

Gary takes a step toward her.

GARY
(softly)
All I understand is that I care about what happens to you.

She laughs. Gary's face is filled with anguish.

GARY
I care very much.

Carla seems unnerved. Gary takes a step toward her.

323 CONTINUED: (2)

GARY
Don't close yourself off, Carla. You have to keep contact with at least one person who truly cares for you.

CARLA
I don't know what you're saying.

GARY
I'm saying that you and I can make that contact.

Carla is silent. Her dark eyes glisten.

CARLA
(softly)
I don't want to make contact.

Gary takes a step backward, his face flushed with embarrassment.

GARY
All right. I guess that's why I really stopped by. To make sure you knew how I felt.

Without another word, he turns and walks off into the darkness. Carla watches after him, a totally confused, lost look in her eyes.

324 GARY

walks to the door of the laboratory, but before opening it, turns once more to glance up at:

325 HIS POV

The helium tanks on the catwalk marked: "HELIUM - DANGEROUS."

326 BACK TO SCENE

Gary's face is taut with concern as he yanks open the door and stalks out.

327 INT. SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - DAY

From HIGH ANGLE we are LOOKING down at a large group assembled at the far end of the living room including Kraft, Dr. Cooley, Carla and about a dozen students. In the f.g., we SEE the helium assembly slowly moving on its tracks above the living room, partially obscuring them.

328 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Mehan is at the controls, directing the movements of the helium assembly. He hits a combination of buttons which cause:

329 THE HELIUM ASSEMBLY

to come to a stop directly above the center of the living room.

CAMERA ZOOMS DOWN to a table containing four items: a rubber ball, an ingot of steel, a red rose, and a laboratory rat munching away at a piece of cheese.

CAMERA WHIP PANS to: Kraft who signals up to the Observation Room with a hand motion.

330 OBSERVATION ROOM

Mehan presses a button on a different console.

331 SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

The glass partition steam-rollers across the path of the group like a shot, enclosing them in a protective cubicle, and locks into position with a loud CLANG. The group is now separated from the table.

332 MEHAN

releases a red safety lock and hits a switch.

333 THE NOZZLE

spews a shot of liquid helium down at the table, accompanied by a small HISS, then a muffled ROAR. The vapor spreads over the items, billowing into a steam cloud which obliterates the table.

334 THE GROUP

from behind the glass, watch in amazement and awe. When the cloud dissipates, each item revealed to their stunned eyes is covered by a layer of white frosting.

335 KRAFT

waits a moment, then at his signal, the glass partition slides back into its slot. Cautioning everyone to remain where they are, Kraft steps up to the table, fitting a thick glove over his hand.

KRAFT
Liquid helium. Four hundred eighty-five degrees below zero. The coldest substance known to man.

(CONTINUED)

335 CONTINUED:

He reaches gingerly toward the rose. It shatters delicately at his touch, flower, stem and petals falling as powder.

KRAFT
Anything frozen at this temperature shatters at the slightest touch.

He pushes the ball off the table. It shatters like glass. He does the same with the steel ingot and the rat, which also shatter into powder. He turns to the group, slowly approaching them as he formulates his thoughts.

KRAFT
What we're seeking is to determine if this entity has mass, if it's made of matter. In other words, has it a form? Is it composed of atoms and molecules such as those objects were?

CAMERA MOVES around him to see the group, listening intently.

KRAFT
If it does contain matter, then we'll be able to freeze it. But if it exists only psychically, in our minds, then it won't be affected.

336 PANNING CLOSE SHOTS:

from Dr. Cooley, to Mehan, to Carla.

KRAFT (O.S.)
If we can freeze even a piece of it, proving that it's comprised of matter, then we'll know that it isn't a psychic projection, but a being from another plane of existence that somehow ripped a hole in the fabric of space and time and entered our world.

FEMALE STUDENT
What about Mrs. Moran? The danger to her?

KRAFT
The system won't be activated until Mrs. Moran is behind the glass wall, which is double-paned and tempered, with a vacuum between the panes.

336 CONTINUED:

Carla steps forward toward the table -- her body tense from exhaustion, her eyes wide with hope and determination.

CARLA
I'm not afraid. If you can catch him, I'm not afraid.

337 INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Weber is on the phone, talking to Dean Osborne. Gary sits across from him, steely-eyed with anger and out for blood.

DR. WEBER
...Dr. Sneiderman is here with me, Frank. He tells me Cooley's using some pretty lethal equipment up there. Liquid helium and God only knows what else --
(he listens, then sighs)
All right, Frank. Let's not blow our tops. I just wanted to sound you out --
(he hangs up)
I can't figure him anymore.

GARY
(rising)
Do we really need his approval?

DR. WEBER
(smiles bitterly)
You need to learn a lot about campus politics --

GARY
(explodes)
Fuck campus politics!

Gary charges out of the office. Weber, startled, rises.

DR. WEBER
Where are you going?

GARY
To yank her away from those goddamn lunatics!

338 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Carla is visible on four separate monitor screens. She is lying on the bed in her bedroom, quiescent but watchful. CAMERA PULLS BACK: the room is packed with students, standing behind Dr. Cooley, Kraft and Mehan, who are seated at the console. The room is deadly silent as all eyes are riveted on the monitors.

339 CLOSER ANGLE - KRAFT AND MEHAN

Kraft's eyes are feverishly focused on the monitors. He whispers to Mehan:

KRAFT
I want to see him, Joe. I want to see him so badly I can taste it.

340 BEDROOM - CARLA

CAMERA MOVES in on her as she remains frozen, staring starkly ahead of her, scarcely breathing. Her voice is deathly.

CARLA
I sense him.

DR. COOLEY (O.S.)
Is he with you now, Carla?

CARLA
He's here. He's very angry. If you try to trap him he'll destroy us all.

Her eyes quickly shift to:

CAMERA WHIP PANS to an ash tray on the table beside her. Suddenly it slides across the table and flies against the far wall, smashing.

341 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

All eyes are fixed on the monitor screens.

DR. COOLEY
RSPK activity. What's the time?

MEHAN
Nine forty-seven. Temperature's dipped.

342 INT. BEDROOM

Carla's expression is one of disgust as she smells his presence. She cringes deeper into the bed.

343 MONITORS

Carla, a maroon figure tinged with green around the extremities, burrows deeper and deeper against the headboard.

344 CLOSE - COOLEY

staring hard at the monitors, with growing apprehension.

DR. COOLEY
We've gone to extraordinary lengths to invite a force into our world we know nothing about. I hope we don't live to regret it.

The sound of a COMMOTION -- MUFFLED SHOUTS and SCUFFLING -- is heard outside the observation room. Dr. Cooley turns angrily.

DR. COOLEY
Keep them quiet out there!

345 INT. DR. WEBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Weber is sitting in the dim light of his office, lost in thought, when the PHONE RINGS. He picks it up, listens.

DR. WEBER
(tiredly)
All right, Elizabeth, take it easy. I'll come and get him.

He hangs up, sighs wearily, and rises.

346 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carla is roaming around the living room, nervously rubbing her elbow with her hand. She is frightened as she waits for a sign. She stops abruptly, and shouts:

CARLA
What's the matter -- ? You afraid -- ?

347 OBSERVATION ROOM

CAMERA MOVES past Kraft, Mehan and Dr. Cooley, to see Gary Sneiderman being held by two burly students, his face flushed with anger and frustration.

347 CONTINUED:

GARY
You're out of your minds! -- All of you!

Dr. Weber appears through the door behind him. Gary spins out of the students' grasp and plunges toward him.

GARY
Dr. Weber -- she's hysterical!

Dr. Weber glances at the monitors, which display several angles of Carla pacing furiously back and forth.

DR. WEBER
Elizabeth, how much longer is this going to go on?

Dr. Cooley's attention is riveted on the monitors, oblivious to all that's going on behind her.

KRAFT
There's something in there! There's a fluctuation of light!

348 BEDROOM

Carla shrinks backwards as if away from something encroaching. She stares at a spot across the room.

349 OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary and Dr. Weber watch the monitors, straining to see what the others seem to see.

350 MONITORS

Carla is still backing slowly away from some unseen presence. There is a definite illumination reflecting off her face and body.

CARLA
(shouts)
Come on, if you've got the guts! Come on and take me!

351 DR. WEBER

comes up behind Kraft, eyes glued to the monitors.

KRAFT
She's definitely seeing him now!

351 CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER
No, young man, she's definitely sliding into a psychotic hallucination.

352 BEDROOM

Carla has backed to the wall, staring weirdly at a place above her. A glowing emanation makes her skin look strangely colored. Slowly, she side-steps along the wall, toward the door.

353 OBSERVATION ROOM

Kraft seems agitated. Into mike.

KRAFT
Carla! Move to the protected area!

Dr. Weber and Gary strain their eyes to see what they see. But Mehan seems suddenly elated as he examines read-outs from the computers.

MEHAN
The laser-generated diffraction patterns -- they're changing -- Low frequency waves! He's here!

354 SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT - HIGH ANGLE (EFFECT)

Carla is standing in the center of the room, enveloped in a glow that is greenish-blue. She is rooted to a spot, her eyes roving about, as CAMERA MOVES slowly into her.

The glow bathes the entire scene, changing to an icy blue, its intensity growing rapidly.

As CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSE SHOT, we SEE Carla shiver from a sudden chill, and her breath begins to be visible in ribbons of steam. She clutches her arms around herself for warmth -- her eyes never ceasing to rove about the room for any sign of his presence. The silence is total.

355 OBSERVATION ROOM

The cold has begun to penetrate the observation room, and all remain starkly quiescent, scarcely breathing, feeling the temperature dropping and waiting for the next thing to happen.

Mehan shivers and clutches himself.

356 SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

Carla stands rooted to the same spot, watching, waiting, shivering with cold. At last she can take it no longer, and sidesteps to the bed. Removing the afghan, she drapes it around herself. Her teeth chatter as the glowing emanation intensifies toward absolute ultra-violet.

357 CLOSE - THE WALL MIRROR (EFFECT)

begins to frost over.

358 CARLA

retreats toward the wall near the bed. She hugs the afghan to her shivering body.

359 OBSERVATION ROOM

All, including Dr. Weber, are trembling with the cold, swinging their arms against their bodies for warmth. Their steaming breaths fill the room.

360 GARY

shivers with cold.

361 MEHAN

reads the temperature gauge.

MEHAN
We're approaching zero!

362 SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT (EFFECT)

Shivering uncontrollably, Carla stares toward a point at the center of the room.

CARLA
Games! Games! Is that all you can show me?

The ultra-violet emanation slowly graduates up the spectrum towards red -- a white, hot, searing red...causing Carla to suddenly fling the afghan from her. Her face glistens with pods of perspiration.

363 OBSERVATION ROOM

All are sweating profusely, ripping off their coats.

364 DR. COOLEY

is coughing, choking from the sudden change in temperature.

365 ALL

are literally pouring sweat as Mehan reads the gradiometer, which is peaking wildly.

366 CLOSE - THE MONITOR (EFFECT)

The screen explodes with a shattering of glass.

367 MEHAN

his startled eyes glued to the helium control unit. The buttons depress on their own accord.

MEHAN
Christ!

368 SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

Carla stands with her back splayed against the wall, her eyes roving wildly about as the temperature gradually returns to normal. Then a SOUND begins to assert itself. She gazes upward in horror toward the source:

369 THE HELIUM ASSEMBLY UNIT

slowly starts to move along the tracks above the living room.

370 OBSERVATION ROOM

Kraft and Cooley's expressions become alarmed.

KRAFT
Don't bring the helium in yet, Joe!!

MEHAN
(terrified)
I'm not doing it!

371 GARY AND WEBER

can only watch in dumb amazement, as:

372 THE HELIUM ASSEMBLY

ponderously moves onward above the bedroom and comes to a stop.

373 CARLA

crawls onto the bed and shrinks back against the headboard, her eyes glued upon:

374 THE NOZZLE

slowly twists, snakelike, aiming itself at various parts of the room below, tauntingly.

375 OBSERVATION ROOM

Mehan and Kraft are both at the console trying to stop the self-motivated buttons. They press counter switches and finally, in desperation, rip out the power lines. But the buttons continue to depress themselves in patterns that control the direction of:

376 THE NOZZLE

which now seems to be carefully stalking:

377 CARLA

Her back pressed firmly against the headboard, her eyes riveted on the nozzle taking aim above her.

378 OBSERVATION ROOM

Kraft and Mehan frantically try to counter the computer patterns. Mehan, beside himself, shouts:

MEHAN
Try to short it!

KRAFT
Can't! It's self-energized!

Dr. Cooley stares at the bizarre patterns emitting from the computer tapes.

DR. COOLEY
These read-outs are going crazy!

Gary plunges into FRAME, a heavy stool poised above his head.

GARY
(shouts)
Get out of the way, you maniacs!

And he brings the stool crashing down on the console which erupts in a shower of smoke, sparks, and flame. But still the buttons continue to work themselves. And, more horrible, the:

379 RED SAFETY SWITCH

snaps back, revealing to helium control button. It depresses.

380 SIMULATED ENVIRONMENT

With a ROAR and a HISS a burst of helium spews forth a fog of white steam. It finds its mark on the mattress, which immediately freezes in a white, phosphorescent glaze and burns a large hole right next to Carla. She jumps away just in time, rolling off the bed and onto the floor.

381 CARLA

wide-eyed with fright, crawls across the room toward the door, ever-observing the:

382 STALKING NOZZLE

above her. It lets go with another blast, hitting the wall sconces and shorting them. A shower of sparks fall upon Carla as the entire environment is plunged in darkness. Only a strong overhead work-light illumines the balance of the action, making for eerie, knife-edged contrasts. Carla screams, rises to her feet, and runs out of the room into the:

382A BATHROOM

With a ceiling above her head to protect her, Carla feels momentarily safe.

383 OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary still smashes away at the console as Kraft turns to Mehan in desperation.

KRAFT
I've got to disconnect those hoses!

As he dashes out, Mehan shouts after him.

MEHAN
Gene, no! You'll be killed!

384 DR. WEBER

thrusts an angry face at Dr. Cooley.

DR. WEBER
This is your fault, Elizabeth! You're responsible!

DR. COOLEY
No, Dr. Weber. A force beyond our knowledge is responsible.

384 CONTINUED:

DR. WEBER
(with an ugly laugh)
Try telling that to a board
of inquiry.

385 THE NOZZLE

takes aim at the bathroom ceiling and lets go with a blast.

386 BATHROOM

The ceiling freezes, glows phosphorescently, then shatters with a ROAR. Carla screams as a second blast of helium bursts the water pipes, which spout a cascade of water, shorting the electrical heating assembly. The tiny room is filled with freezing water and bright sparks as Carla, whimpering in fright, goes to grasp the door handle leading to the girl's bedroom. But just as she does a third blast of helium strikes the floor length door mirror, which freezes, fogs, cracks and crumbles. Carla stands back in shock, then rallying her courage, pulls open the door and enters the girl's bedroom.

387 CATWALK

Kraft gingerly picks his way along the catwalk toward the tracks on which the helium assembly is mounted. He climbs over the railing and carefully crawls along the tracks toward the rear part of the helium assembly.

388 GIRL'S BEDROOM

Carla is standing in the bedroom, her eyes directed at the helium nozzle above her. She sees the door to the hallway, and starts to cross over to it when: the nozzle sends a blast of helium directly into the heart of a large, stuffed animal, ripping its innards and causing it to explode. Carla reacts in horror at the toy animal's destruction, knowing full well that at any second that could be her. She rushes for the door and runs out into:

388A THE HALLWAY

Carla's objective is the door leading to the living room, and the protection of the glass cubicle. But just as she starts for the door, a blast of helium hits the hot water tank situated in the hallway, causing it to burst like a dam, gushing a torrent of water across the floor, which immediately freezes to icy slickness. Carla slips and slides in a useless attempt to reach the living room door, and is finally forced to retreat toward the kitchen door.

389 KRAFT

shivers under the impact of each frigid blast. His clothes and skin are steaming, as is his breath, but he valiantly continues onward.

390 KITCHEN

Carla is now moving like an hysterical robot through the gauntlet of each new episode. Slowly, carefully she edges toward the dining area, and into the living room and the protection of the glass cubicle. But as she is crossing the kitchen, a blast of helium cuts off her path by tearing a large hole in the refrigerator, which immediately shorts and emits a noxious smoke that makes Carla's eyes water and causes her to cough and stager back. A second blast strikes the gas range, bursting the feeder pipe and igniting the gas, which sends a torch of fire shooting across the room at Carla. She falls back in terror, against the door leading to:

390A BILLY'S BEDROOM

No sooner does Carla burst in and slam the door shut behind her than the nozzle directs a long, frigid blast of helium at a shelf of Billy's L.P. records, causing them to fly about the room like a hailstorm of scaling discs. They whirl about with such a force that several of them embed themselves into the plaster walls. One even penetrates the wooden jamb directly above Carla's head.

390B OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary and Dr. Weber are in a state of shock as their eyes remain glued to the monitors. Mehan and Dr. Cooley work desperately to control the helium nozzle, to no avail.

390C KITCHEN

The torch of fire cuts across the doorway to Billy's room. The door opens, and Carla, on all fours, creeps beneath its searing flame. Passing uder it successfully, she rises and starts to run toward the dining area when the nozzle directs a stream of helium at the glass cupboard, freezing it and shattering its entire contents. But Carla is not to be stopped. She plunges through the shower of powdered glass and crockery and makes it to the dining area, when a zap of helium strikes the chandelier directly above her head. It explodes, sending shards of knife-like glass flying about like darts. One blade of glass strikes Carla's sleeve, pinning her to the wall. Her face is ravaged with fear and sheer anger. She rips her sleeve from the wall and strides tall into the living room.

390D CATWALK

Kraft edges along the tracks to the rear assembly, gazing down in fear at:

390E CARLA

As she crosses the threshold into the living room, the nozzle shoots short bursts of helium into the floor before her footsteps, and around her body. Still Carla persists ahead in cold defiance. Her body is nearly frozen, her breath spews gasps of steam, but she continues toward the glass cubicle. Suddenly, the flooring, weakened by the bursts of helium, collapses beneath her, causing her to fall into the shallow opening. Carla is weeping tears of pure rage and hatred as she struggles out of the hole and crawls across the threshold of the protected area.

391 OBSERVATION ROOM

All express a look of relief as Mehan quickly presses a switch.

392 LIVING ROOM

The glass wall steam-rollers across the cubicle, sealing Carla inside.

393 THE NOZZLE

has paused in its destructive mission, as if considering its next move.

394 KRAFT

has gained the rear housing of the assembly, and straddling the upper casing, pulls out a wrench and begins to disconnect the feeder hoses to the main assembly.

395 THE NOZZLE

moves slowly around to the glass partition of the cubible.

396 CARLA

watches through the protective glass as;

397 THE NOZZLE

dead-aims right at her.

398 CARLA

shrinks back to the farthest wall as she stares at:

399 HER POV

A long blast of helium spews forth with a huge ROAR, inundating the entire glass partition. But the glass resists this assault, fogging over slightly, but not shattering. The nozzle then lets go with a second, stronger, more concentrated blast. This time the glass fogs, then becomes opaque, then commences steaming and sputtering, and finally melts like a waterfall before:

400 CARLA'S

stunned eyes.

401 KRAFT

The force of the blast dislodges Kraft from his perch. His fingers desperately grasp at the hoses and he clings to them, his body swinging above the steaming wreckage below. Straining, shivering with the cold, he puts all his strength in trying to hoist himself back up to the tracks, his weight and efforts putting an enormous strain on the hoses which stretch and start to break.

402 CARLA

Her face is a mask of pure hatred as she slowly emerges from the cubicle, stepping over shards of steaming glass. Shivering in the frigid temperature, her eyes directed upward at the helium assembly, she shouts in a voice filled with rage:

CARLA
All right, bastard! I've finished running, so do what you want!

403 THE NOZZLE

directs its sights upon her.

404 CARLA

voice rising in hysteria.

CARLA
(shouts)
Come on! What are you waiting for???

INTERCUT

405 KRAFT

trying to hoist himself onto the tracks and succeeding but at the cost of the hoses starting to crack and break.

406 CARLA

shouting up at the helium assembly:

CARLA
You think you've weakened me? Well, you haven't! I've found a strength inside me stronger than your power! Stronger than these goddamn machines...

She continues to speak throughout the following:

407 OBSERVATION ROOM

Gary starts to charge out of the room. Dr. Weber grabs his arm.

DR. WEBER
Don't go, down there, Gary!

Gary pulls away from his grasp and dashes out of the room. Dr. Weber turns to Dr. Cooley, his voice wavering with uncertainty.

DR. WEBER
What the hell's happening, Elizabeth?

DR. COOLEY
(triumphantly)
It's just an hallucination, Dr. Weber!

408 CARLA

CARLA
Take your time, buddy, take your time. I'm thankful for the rest. Truly. I'm so tired of everybody poking at me! Doctors, machines, you! Poke, poke, poke. Use, uses, use! I'm your whore! I'm the doctor's whore! The school's whore! Well, I'm not anybody's whore! A whore gets something in return!

She continues to speak throughout the following:

409 KRAFT

hoisting himself over the edge of the tracks, straining the hoses.

410 OBSERVATION ROOM

Mehan, Dr. Weber and Dr. Cooley's eyes are riveted on Kraft, who dangles dangerously.

411 GARY

plunges down the steps of the metal stairway three at a time.

412 CARLA

Her diatribe continuing.

CARLA
They stick me in this doll house. Which I'm supposed to believ is mine. Turn my heartbeat into a graph. My genitals into a playground! He wants this part of me, you want that part of me, fuck all of you! Because I got total control of myself. And I'm calling the shots now, I'm waiting for you, mother fucker! Where are you?

413 KRAFT

gains the tracks, letting go of the hoses.

(CONTINUED)

413 CONTINUED:

They start to spew a thin ribbon of frigid steam at the connections. Kraft stares at it, horrified, and shouts down to Carla.

KRAFT
Mrs. Moran! Watch out! The helium!!

He starts to scramble back along the tracks to safety.

414 CARLA

unheeding, her diatribe continuing unabated.

CARLA
(laughs insanely)
Helium? What do I care about helium? I have seen all worlds! I have stood up to all worlds! And you know what comes out shining? Above it all?? That little part of me that is pure me, and no one else. And whether you show yourself or not, no matter how they graph me with their machines, there is an undeniable part of me that I have found through all of this insanity. It's my unshakable faith that no one, no one, can ever put a stamp on me.

415 THE HOSES

The steam gains in force as Carla continues shouting below.

CARLA (O.S.)
It took me going through hell and back. But I came up with it.

416 GARY

runs around the shambles of the simulated house, stopping short at an opening vent out of the wall through which Carla can be seen, shouting up at the steaming assembly with a crazed voice.

(CONTINUED)

416 CONTINUED:

CARLA
I can stand up to all of it. While the rest of you won't show your faces. Not you! Bastard! You don't have the guts to show how scared sick you are. And you up there! Hiding behind your screens, and monitors and silly little graphs. No one else really has the guts to come out and stand here! Well, I'm here! I'm as close to your fucking helium as I can be. So fire away!

Gradually her face lights up with a look of pure victory. Her lips peel back in a smile that is joyous.

CARLA
Ah-hhhhhhhh...! Yeah, yeah, yeah -- ! Good! Great! That's it! Come on! Don't be afraid! At last! At last! Welcome! Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome!!!
(shouts)
He's here, everybody! He's here! He's here! He's here!!!

417 THE HOSES

break loose, spewing a cloud of uncontrolled helium, just as:

418 GARY

grabs Carla and pulls her back with a force that sends them both catapulting over a wall of debris.

419 HELIUM TANKS

ROAR their full contents into the simulated environment, covering everything in a blanket of frigid steam.

420 OBSERVATION ROOM

The glass window freezes and collapses in a waterfall, the impact sending Cooley, Mehan and Weber smashing against the back wall. INSTRUMENTS freeze and POP as Mehan quickly opens the door and drags Cooley outside into the corridor. Weber, chattering with cold, crawls after them.

421 GARY AND CARLA

Burrowed deeply behind a pile of shattered debris, Gary shields Carla's body with his own as the frigid cloud of steam passes over them. Wisps touch Gary's jacket which whitens and powders off his body.

422 KRAFT

Tucked behind an el of the super-structure, he is just able to avoid the full effects of the lethal cloud, but he too is not entirely spared as a section of his hair turns white and powders before our eyes.

423 MEHAN, COOLEY, WEBER, STUDENTS

hurry around the upper corridor, and carefully descend the frozen metal stairway into the environment. Their breaths spew steam.

424 KRAFT

climbs down the frozen ladder into the midst of clearing vapors. He walks slowly into a CLOSE SHOT, his eyes gazing upward, squinting to penetrate the dense atmosphere, almost afraid of what he will see.

425 MEHAN

walking hesitantly into a CLOSE SHOT, eyes warily directed upward toward the clearing center of the laboratory.

426 CARLA AND GARY

huddled together behind the pile of debris, peer over the edge and stare at the clearing center of the environment.

427 DR. COOLEY

walking through a swirl of vapor into a CLOSE SHOT -- her eyes staring hard at a point above and beyond her, her breath spewing ribbons of steam.

428 KRAFT

is the first to see it, o.s. As his eyes begin to penetrate the clouded atmosphere, they widen with unrestrained joy.

429 MEHAN

too, begins to gather the size and scope of their quarry, o.s., and though he takes a cautionary step backwards, he cannot contain his delight.

430 DR. WEBER

Seeing the entity o.s., his face twists in a grimace of dumb incomprehension.

431 CARLA AND GARY

Rising to their feet, they can only stare and stare at the colossus before them.

432 THE ENTITY (EFFECT)

CAMERA PULLING BACK from what seems to be an enormous iceberg, towering twenty feet in height, in the center of the laboratory. As the vapors clear, we SEE that unlike the furniture, which powdered and shattered under the assault of the helium, this SPUTTERING, BUBBLING, SPITTING mass of ICE apparently houses a force which keeps the skin of ice intact.

433 REACTIONS FROM ALL

Rooted to their spots, they can only gaze in awe at the spectacle before them. Then, one by one, they start to take tentative steps toward it.

434 THE ENTITY

The SPUTTERING tower of ICE exudes a greenish glow, not unlike the apparition we saw in Carla's bedroom, as the sheath of ICE begins to CRACK with sharp, SNAPPING sounds.

435 REACTIONS FROM ALL

They stop in their tracks and gaze in awe and fear at the CRACKING ICEBERG. The SOUNDS INCREASE in volume as huge hunks of steaming ice drop off the iceberg and fall to the ground with loud EXPLOSIONS.

436 CLOSER ANGLE

A large crack widens in the iceberg. CAMERA MOVES into the greenish core within.

437 DR. WEBER

shakes his head, dumbstruck, and removes his glasses, which have become fogged. Suddenly, the glasses fly out of his hand and are sucked into:

438 THE WIDENING CRACK

in the iceberg.

(CONTINUED)

438 CONTINUED:

Now more cracks appear, as if whatever force is at its center is awakening and flexing its muscles. Great pieces of ICE FALL to the ground EXPLOSIVELY, as the greenish glow brightens and graduates up the spectrum of light.

439 REACTIONS OF ALL

Their faces reflect the changing color spectrum as a suction now begins to exert itself on their persons, causing their clothing to pull away from their bodies, and loose articles to fly from their clothing and into:

440 THE CRACKS

in the iceberg.

441 DR. COOLEY

struggles to keep from being pulled forward into the suction, losing her necklace in the process.

442 KRAFT

clings to a metal post as he fights the strong pulling effect. The wrench he still holds in his hand flies out of it.

443 CARLA

separates herself from Gary and allows the force to take her to it, whereupon she stands before it, her hair flying askew, her clothing distending and ripping in the powerful suction, as she gazes upward at the fiery display, with a mocking expression on her face.

444 GARY

stands clinging to a shattered piece of wreckage, staring in stupefied amazement. He starts to move toward Carla, when:

445 FULL SHOT - THE ICEBERG (FOR MAXIMUM SHOCK EFFECT)

With heart-stopping suddenness, the entity flings off its coat of ice with the force and sound of a TORNADO. And there, revealed for several seconds, is a figure of glassine transparency with a core of pulsing lights that coalesces in its center. It's a display of living energy, with a cohesive form of strength, like that of laser-light.

446 REACTIONS OF ALL

Particles of ice shower over their bodies.

(CONTINUED)

446 CONTINUED:

Colored lights reflect over their stunned faces.

447 THE ENTITY

As it gets hotter and hotter, we witness a kaleidoscopic, thermographic display of changing colors, going from green to purple to a blinding-hot red, and -- with a ROAR of NEAR-HUMAN ANGER -- it EXPLODES in a blinding storm of hailstones.

448 QUICK SHOTS - ALL RECOILING FROM THE EXPLOSION

Gary and Carla are thrown back from the blinding explosion, ice pellets raining down upon them.

Kraft and Mehan are catapulted backward by the powerful force.

Dr. Weber is knocked down, and shields his face from the icy blast.

Dr. Cooley is driven backwards into a mound of wreckage.

449 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - DAY

Even the Student standing guard has been thrown down by the terrific concussion. Rising shakily, he rushes to the door and attempts to open it, but it's jammed. Several students rush up the corridor toward him.

STUDENT
What the hell happened?

GUARD
I don't know.

Together, they put their combined strength against the jammed door and batter it open.

450 INT. LAB - NIGHT

The beams of searchlights cut across the steaming wreckage of the simulated environment.

451 DR. WEBER

picks his way carefully through the wreckage, his eyes large and incredulous. He bends down and picks up his broken glasses.

452 DR. COOLEY

is rising from a pile of wreckage.

453 MEHAN, KRAFT, DR. COOLEY, DR. WEBER

Mehan shakes his head, bends down and picks up a broken piece of circuitry, bits of scorched video tape clinging to it.

MEHAN
It's all destroyed. We got nothing!

DR. COOLEY
(strongly)
We got everything! There were witnesses!

She turns to Dr. Weber, who stands beside her, shivering uncontrollably. His eyes are distant, his expression vague and helpless. Dr. Cooley fixes him with a severe look.

DR. COOLEY
Right, Dr. Weber?

DR. WEBER
(licks his lips)
-- What?

DR. COOLEY
I said, there were witnesses. You did see it!

Dr. Weber shakes his head as if to clear it, and coughs spasmodically. His voice quavers.

DR. WEBER
I'm not sure what I saw. It was...like a...dream, a nightmare ... I'm not sure of anything.

DR. COOLEY
(seething with anger)
Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!!

454 ANGLE

On his knees and gasping, his clothing torn, Gary digs frantically through piles of debris with his bare hands, throwing huge chunks of plaster, glass and metal over his shoulder. His breathing is labored as he works feverishly to clear a path through to Carla, trapped behind a steaming mountain of wreckage.

455 ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF WRECKAGE

A light breaks through the darkness as Gary pulls apart the rocks and shards, making a hole large enough to see through. CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSEUP of Gary. Dazed, totally unnerved, he gazes through the opening at:

456 HIS POV

There is no sign of Carla.

457 BACK TO SCENE

Gary gazes dumbstruck through the opening. In a quavering, uncertain voice, he calls:

GARY
Carla -- ! Carla -- ! For Christ's sake! Somebody help me!

But, like The Entity, Carla appears to have vanished in a cloud of smoke.

458 EXT. MORAN HOUSE - HIGH ANGLE - EARLY MORNING

The pale glow of the new day sheds a weak glow over the house. BIRDS CHIRP the coming of morning. CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS as the sound of a CAR approaching is heard. It is a taxi, which drives up to the front of the house and stops.

459 CLOSER ANGLE

Carla steps out of the taxi weakly. Her dress is tattered, her hair is in wild disarray; her expression is lost and tortured. She asks the driver to wait, then turns to the house. She stares at it starkly. Then, taking a deep breath, she walks purposefully up the walk and climbs the porch.

460 OMITTED

461 INT. MORAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Though the shades are drawn, we can HEAR Carla's FOOTSTEPS and perceive her shadow as she mounts the porch steps and walks up to the door. Without hesitation, the knob turns and the door opens. The light from without frames Carla in silhouette and reveals a room barren of furniture and furnishings. Fearlessly, Carla walks into the center of the living room, leaving the front door open behind her. She glances at the bare walls, rugless floor and peeling ceiling, then walks into:

461A THE HALLWAY - DAY

and crosses over into the:

461B GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

This room is also bare and forlorn. Carla enters briskly, knowing where she is going and why. She strides to the closet, opens the door and bends down to a pile of cast-off clothes and toys, and rummages through it. She finally finds what she's seeking: Julie's stuffed clown. She snatches it up and leaves the room.

461C LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carla appears from the hallway and approaches the open front door, when suddenly:

462 OMITTED

463 THE FRONT DOOR

slams shut in her face.

464 CARL

Momentarily stunned, she quickly recovers, and her face immobilizes in a look of pure, defiant hatred. Her attention shifts to the window as Cindy's car comes to a stop in the driveway.

465 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Cindy opens the car door and steps out. Julie, Kim and Billy are in the back of the car still in the process of dressing. Billy is helping Kim lace her shoes. Cindy goes to the trunk, opens it and pulls out several packed suitcases.

466 CARLA

watches them through the window. Her eyes brim with tears of love. She turns from the window and faces the closed door. Without hesitation, she opens the door and walks calmly out, leaving the door open behind her. CAMERA MOVES to the window to see Kim and Julie spill out of Cindy's car and run up to Carla as she crosses the lawn... Carla hands the stuffed clown to Julie, who hugs it close to her. Cindy and Billy carry the suitcases to the waiting taxi. Carla picks up Kim and follows them to the taxi. The cab driver has gotten out and stows the suitcases in his trunk. The group stands there momentarily as the driver finishes arranging the suitcases in the trunk.

467 CLOSER ANGLE

Carla and Cindy gaze at one another mistily. They don't speak, but their eyes convey all they feel. Then Cindy takes an envelope out of her purse and hands it to Carla.

CARLA
Thanks, Cindy. And God bless you. I'll pay you back as soon as I find work.

Carla puts the envelope into her purse, and takes out a slip of paper, which she hands to Cindy.

CARLA
Here's my aunt's address. I'll write you as soon as we get there.

CINDY
(reads the address in some awe)
Wow! Texas!

Cindy gazes at Carla and each of her children as she desperately tries to hold back tears.

CINDY
Gee, kids, I'm gonna miss you.

She bends down and hugs each of them, then embraces Carla. By now they are all perilously close to tears. Carla quickly pulls away from her friend and hustles the children into the taxi.

(CONTINUED)

467 CONTINUED:

CAMERA RISES as the taxi turns around and moves down the street. Cindy remains standing, gazing after the departing taxi.

SUPER LEGEND:

"The real Carla Moran is today living in seclusion in Texas with her children. In recent months, her attacks have abated. The parapsychology laboratory which investigated her case has been disbanded and removed from the curriculum of one of Southern California's largest universities."

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END